

AN
ASYLUM
FOR
FUGITIVE PIECES,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE,
NOT IN ANY OTHER
COLLECTION;
WITH
SEVERAL PIECES NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLING-
TON HOUSE, IN PICCADILLY.
MDCCLXXXV.

A S Y L U M

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Advertisement.

THE NEW FOUNDLING HOSPITAL FOR WIT being finished, and the idea of a *Collection of those Fugitive Pieces of Merit* which occasionally appear in print, or are handed about in manuscript, being approved by the public; this Volume entitled, AN ASYLUM FOR FUGITIVE PIECES, is humbly offered as a *Continuation of the Plan*; but under a different title, that it may not seem compulsatory on the purchasers of the former work to proceed. It is intended to publish a volume of this work occasionally, and to print it in the same size as the *New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, in order that such Gentlemen as chuse to have both, may bind them uniformly, whenever they please.

The assistance of the Ingenious is humbly requested. They may be assured that their favours will be very gratefully received.

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A N
A S Y L U M
F O R
FUGITIVE PIECES.

THE GOWNS:

A TALE FROM WESTMINSTER-HALL, IN TRINITY
TERM, 1783.

BY MR. L——.

VERY early one morning (the date I'll set down,
'Twas the next after Erskine kiss'd hands for his
gown;)

Two damsels to whom all the four inns of court
Pay their constant attention, and daily resort;
Near kinswomen too, and seen always together,
And in person as like as two birds of a feather;
Met in Westminster-hall; unattended, to settle
A quarrel, where each had been put on her mettle.
Silk, the elder, was graceful, a dignified dame;
Stuff, the younger, more lively, both rivals in fame;
And, as two of a trade, they say, never agree,
So these ladies were never from jealousy free.

B

Their

Their suitors were many, more num'rous far
 Than fam'd Oberea's—in short, the whole bar;
 Their characters likewise were none of the best,
 For when Virtue's made easy—you all know the rest.
 But each had her favourites—this was their game,
 And for Erskine each stood on her separate claim,
 Time and place they appointed to end the dispute,
 Not with pistol and sword, but with tongue more
 acute,

And as *Stuff* was the plaintiff, she open'd the suit.

“ You stole him,” she cried, with a violent roar,
 “ False pretences you us'd, as you serv'd me be-
 fore,

In spite of the statute, your age, and decline,
 Having more than you satisfy, still you take mine;
 I have borne without murmuring all your late
 tricks,

Not doubting your name for a jilt you would fix;
 But I'll bear it no longer, this last is so flagrant,
 I'll have you whip'd out of the hall for a vagrant.
 For your latter † seductions, to tell you my mind,
 I car'd not while Erskine staid with me behind,
 For he was my favourite, he had my heart,
 Since Dunning and I did in Ashburton part;
 With him I might hope higher honours to gain,
 Than e'er fell to you and your full bottom'd train.
 I'll tell you how false and deceitful you are;
 Your rustling, and varnish, and prostitute air,

† Alludes to the late promotions.

Are but vanity traps for my favourit^e youth,
 For which some have quitted me, Honour and
 Truth,

But he'll see your artifice—Then, Ma'am, I hear
 That your health's not so sound—(but I wont be
 severe,
 Tho' some folks, they say, are not what they ap-
 pear.)

But to cut matters short—give me Erskine again,
 I ask for no favour—my right to him's plain—
 I'll have him, that's flat; if you don't let him go
 straight,

As sure as I'm Woollen I'll take you to Bow-street.''
Silk heard with composure the charges of stealth,
 False pretences, and fraud; but this about health,
 (By the way, 'twas an impudent insinuation)
 Threw her into a fit of most furious passion.

Up she jump'd in an instant, aloft flew her band,
 She shook her full-bottom, and brandish'd her hand.
 "Here, Tipstaff," she bawl'd, but she soften'd her
 tone,

When she saw the Hall empty, themselves all alone,
 (For *Stuff* was the stronger at least two to one).

"Your slander and railings became such a ninny,
 Whom every low rascal may have for a guinea.

That I'll not deign to answer, I'll have satisfaction,
 In the face of my country, by bringing my action.
 For the rest, your presumption surprises me quite,
 What madness is this! *Stuff*, how giddy your flight?

To Erskine pretend,--where's your merit, I wonder?
 'Tis high time indeed to keep some people under;
 He's mine by just title, I us'd no false charms,
 He came, led by Sympathy, into my arms;
 His courtship to me was with honour address'd;
 When he left you, the Hall approbation express'd.
 Nay, a few his taste doubted, and some thought
 him wrong,

For liking your slovenly person so long;
 So your clamour is idle, pray let's hear no more,
 Tho' I learn, by report, you have slanders in store,
 And pretend (but the trick wont avail you this
 time)

I have only your leavings, that *you've* had his prime.
 But who can believe so unjust an aspersion?
 If while he was yours, he made any exertion
 Of talents excelling, or parts superfine,
 Do you claim the honour? most clearly 'tis mine.
 He studied and practis'd my favour to gain;
 Were you the reward, oh, how endless the pain!
 But if still you persist, nor your claim will renounce,
 Here is Justice at hand, she'll decide it at once."
 Her speech was scarce ended, when sudden appear'd,
 Her worship's state coach coming thro' Palace-yard
 (Før 'twas Term-time, and Justice, in formal pro-
 cession,

Came to open her courts to the noisy profession :)
 Wide open'd the doors, and there enter'd the Hall,
 Clerks, constables, officers, rabble and all;

Next,

Next, her Highness's train came in funeral pace,
Dress'd in black robes and scarlet, with sword and
with mace ;

Then, Justice herself—whom our disputants eyeing,
Fell prostrate before her, and *Stuff* began crying,

“ Great lady, you only can give me relief ;
Hear, Justice, oh hear ! ” but her worship was deaf.

Her bandage was not on her eyes, but her ears :
(So false is the form that in pictures she wears,

And I hope the mistake our young painters will cure,
For she sees well enough, tho' she squints, to be sure.)

This *Stuff* quickly saw, and of speech disappointed,
She pull'd out her purse, and at Erskine she pointed.

Silk us'd the same rhet'rick ; her worship took both ;
“ Dear ladies,” quoth she, “ to decide I am loth,

But since you will have it, and nought else will
please,

Hear with silence the sentence that Justice decrees.

You, *Stuff*, take his old gown ; here, *Silk*, take his
new ;

I'll have Erskine myself ; so dear ladies adieu.”

A LOGICAL SONG.

WHY, Chloe, thus squander your prime,

In debate between fear and temptation ?

If adulterous love be a crime,

Why quarrel with plain fornication ?

But your beauties with age you may lose;
 Then seize the short moment of joy!
 If not—then with confidence use,
 What by using you cannot destroy.

Come, come, bid our transports begin,
 Ere we lose both our youth and our leisure:
 Sure 'tis better repenting a sin,
 Than regretting the loss of a pleasure.

E P I G R A M.

DEAR Cupid (I cried) do consult with your mother,
 To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible heart!
 Kind Cupid obey'd; Venus too play'd her part,
 And my Chloe at length fell in love with another!

S O N G.

CELIA! you'll kill me, by the Lord!
 You know I've suffer'd like a martyr;
 Nor have I yet had one kind word,
 Nor seen an inch above your garter.

Can you forget, ungrateful maid,
 How long my constant flame has lasted?
 What nonsense I have sung and said,
 What ink and paper I have wasted?

Ah, cruel nymph! you know full well,
 With what a pure becoming zeal,
 I've begg'd your snowy bosom's swell,
 And ev'ry other swell to feel!

And

[11]

And round your taper waist to twine,
Each inlet of delight to prove,
Our hearts, our lips, our souls to join!
And can you still, still doubt my love?

What, unconvinced? the devil's in it!
Well then, this proof shall calm your fears,
And if one warm expressive minute,
Speak not more love than days of tears.

Unless each palpitating nerve,
Each kindling vein confess me true,
Treat me at length as I deserve,
And banish me from joy and you!

A N S W E R.

BE quiet, fir! begone I say!
Lord bless us! how you romp and tear!
There!

I swear!

Now you have left my bosom bare!
I do not like such boisterous play,
So take that saucy hand away.

Why now you're ruder than before—

Nay, I'll be hang'd if I comply—

Fye!

I'll cry!

Oh—I can't bear it—I shall die!—

I vow I'll never see you more!

But—are you sure you've shut the door?

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Thomas, I have seen your spouse,
And never saw a plainer creature !
And as for you, the world allows,
Your face has scarce a human feature.

Say then, what method you pursue ?—
Your boys are Loves, your girls are Graces !
“ Why, Madam, they’d be ugly too,
If we begot them with our *faces* !”

A LYRIC LOVE EPISTLE.

(FOUND IN A CONVENT AT PARIS.)

Tune—“ Oh ! my kitten, my kitten.”

OH ! my P——y, my P——y,
And, oh ! my P——y, my dear-a,
Such a fine husband as I,
You can’t find far or near-a,
Though the taxes go up, up, up,
And the funds all go down, down, down-a,
And the rats they run backward and forward,
And my head it turns round, round, round-a.

Though Sir C—I begins to look queer,
And once more thinks of turning his coat;
Since he’s got no more guards in his rear,
And his sailors, alas ! cannot vote.
And though taxes, &c. &c.

Yet

Yet soon on my foes I shall thunder—

The Whigs shall all shrink from my rage,

And the people shall view us with wonder,

When our Cabinet's all come of age.

Though the taxes, &c. &c.

I can talk of my candour and truth,

With Jack W——s and D——s at my heels;

'Twas the least of the tricks of my youth,

To make T——w purloin his own seals.

Though the taxes, &c.

For the B——ps I've canting and pray'rs;

For the people I've nonsense and beer;

Oh! when I climb'd up the back stairs,

I took the right sow by the ear.

Though the taxes, &c.

Then haste to become a fine bride,

From the gloom of a convent emerging;

In me you may safely confide,

For I, like yourself, am a virgin!

Now the taxes, &c.

S O N G.

OH! I'll reform; I will, I swear!

To Hymen I'll address my vows,

And I'll beget a son and heir,

And tend my sheep, and milk my cows,

And doze and fatten with my spouse!

And I'll grow fond of simple nature,
 Free from vain arts, and dull grimaces,
 And doat upon each flatten'd feature,
 Of rural love's athletic graces,
 With mottled arms, and cherub faces.

And now the rustic's toil I'll share,
 And wield the fork, and trail the rake;
 Now at the sermon sit and stare,
 'Till dull observers shall mistake,
 And fancy I am broad awake.

And I will taste the sportsman's joys,
 With hounds and guns pursue my prey;
 And find such raptures in a noise,
 That all the wond'ring squires shall say,
 I am as wise and bless'd as they.

Then to the festive hall I'll pass,
 And in the jowial chorus join;
 And sick'ning o'er th' unfinish'd glass,
 I'll swear our pleasures are divine,
 When dullness is improv'd by wine.

Yes I'll reform!—vain town, adieu!
 Henceforth, with rural joys content,
 A life of reason I'll pursue;
 Of all my former sins repent,
 And die a cuckold and a saint.

RONDEAU.

R O N D E A U.

BY two black eyes my heart was won,
 Sure never wretch was more undone!

To Celia with my suit I came,
 But she, regardless of her prize,
 Thought proper to reward my flame
 By two black eyes!

A N E X P O S T U L A T I O N.

WHEN late I attempted your pity to move,
 Why seem'd you so deaf to my pray'rs?
 Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love—
 But—why did you kick me down stairs?

E P I T A P H.

HERE is my much-lov'd Celia laid,
 At rest from all her earthly labours!
 Glory to God! peace to the dead!
 And to the ears of all her neighbours!

A FAREWELL TO LIBERTY.

OCCASIONED BY THE DISSOLUTION OF THE LAST
PARLIAMENT.Fuius Troes : fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum. VIRG.

FAREWELL, sweet Liberty, farewell !
 Wilt thou no more in Albion dwell ?
 Wilt thou forsake our sea-girt shore ?
 And bless our hills and dales no more ?
 Gay mountain nymph, of sprightly mien,
 Where will thy graceful form be seen ?
 Goddess of soul-inspiring eye,
 Where will thy waving tresses fly ?
 What favour'd nation shall behold
 Thy banner, bright with burnish'd gold,
 And many an emblematic sign,
 Of deeds atchiev'd by thee and thine ;
 Bright with th' illuminating rays
 That thy Britannia's name emblaze ?
 For glorious was the name we gain'd,
 While Liberty in Albion reign'd :
 And many a bard's melodious tongue,
 Thee and thy mighty prowess sung.
 Allur'd by thee, the tuneful train
 Pour'd their exhilarating strain :
 And culture cloth'd our hills and dales :
 And commerce spread unnumber'd sails.

By

By thee our happy island rose
 Superior to surrounding foes :
 Her offspring, prodigal of life,
 In marshal'd fields of deadly strife,
 By thee the fierce assault repel'd ;
 By thee in valiant deeds excel'd ;
 And fir'd with thy ingenuous flame,
 Earn'd laurels of immortal fame —
 And must we close the radiant scene ?
 Alas ! alas ! and have we been ?
 And is our age of glory past ?
 Are we of Freedom's sons the last ?
 O my deluded friends, beware !
 Left tangled in the fatal snare,
 Ye fall from your exalted state,
 And grieve, when grief shall be too late .
 Alas ! misguided men, in vain
 I pour the monitory strain :
 In vain my feeble accents plead :
 Determin'd on the reckless deed,
 And blind with zeal's unhallow'd fires,
 Ye spurn the birthright of your fires.
 Those rights for which your fires withstood
 Oppression ev'n in fields of blood,
 Or freely their hearts' treasure shed,
 Ye rashly yield ; and in their stead,
 Receive the chains that shall disgrace
 The foremost of the human race :
 For who of those that are, or were,
 May with Britannia's sons compare ?

Say,

Say, is there one illustrious state,
 Of antient or of modern date,
 Where, from the cottage to the throne,
 The rights of men were better known?
 Ah! that these rights, Britannia's boast,
 Should inconfid'rately be lost!—
 Farewell, sweet Liberty! no more
 Shall raptur'd bards on Albion's shore,
 Fir'd with thy animating flame,
 The heirs of everlasting fame,
 To hymn thy bold atchievements dare;
 But pine, and think of what they were:
 And cherish secret grief, and sigh,
 And weep for Albion's wrongs, and die.
 But ere, sweet Liberty, we part,
 Accept this tribute of my heart;
 A broken heart that bleeds to see,
 Britannia *will* no more be free:
 Farewell! but let thy parting sigh,
 Bequeath a melancholy joy;
 Nor this poor, plaintive verse refuse,
 The last oblation of a British Muse.

THE REVIVAL OF BRITISH SPIRIT;
A N O D E ;

WRITTEN SOON AFTER RODNEY'S VICTORY IN
THE WEST-INDIES.

I.

LO! along the sea-girt shores

Now the British lion roars ;

Tremble every daring foe !

Rous'd with anger and disdain,

See ! he shakes his shaggy mane :

See ! his eyes with ardour glow.

Ye who would impose the yoke,

On the free-born and the brave,

Who will shield you, who will save,

From the vengeance ye provoke ?

II.

Glowing with the love of fame,

Fir'd with honourable shame,

Shame for recent sloth, behold !

Albion, never known to yield,

Hastens to th' embattel'd field ;

And with native vigour bold,

Bids her navy scour the deep ;

Bids her pealing thunder roar,

Shake with terror Gallia's shore,

And the raging billows sweep.

Raise

III.

Raise the voice of Triumph, raise!
 Rodney claims our willing praise;
 And from every hill and dale,
 Let the joyful voice arise,
 Till it cleave the vaulted skies.
 Hail propitious æra, hail!
 Now Britannia's sons again,
 Glowing with congenial fires,
 Claim the birthright of their fires,
 The dominion of the main.

IV.

British spirit uncontroll'd
 Wakes as in the times of old;
 Wakes as when of late the Gaul,
 Felt his vain ambition quell'd,
 And with agony beheld
 His Atlantic islands fall;
 While his dupe, vindictive Spain,
 Th' inauspicious league deplor'd:
 Yet provokes the British sword;
 And shall weep and wail again.

V.

Belgia too!—Let Belgia join,
 Envious in the base design,
 Envious of an antient friend:
 Belgia with contrition due,
 Shall her reckless folly rue,
 And to suppliant prayers descend.

Let her join the foul intrigue;
 Britain, in herself secure,
 Shall the furious shock endure,
 And confound th' ungrateful league.

VI.

British hearts be firm and true!
 Scorn them! scorn th' ambitious crew!
 Be united, and defy
 The collected storm that roars,
 All around your happy shores,
 Envious of your golden sky.
 Valiant as your fires of old,
 Trust in him whose sovereign sway,
 Heaven and earth, and seas obey:
 Go! be resolute and bold.

EXTRACTS FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF LORD
 MULGRAVE'S ESSAYS ON ELOQUENCE, LATELY
 PUBLISHED.

“WE now come to speak of *Tropes*. Trope comes from the Greek word *Trepo*, to turn. I believe that tropes can only exist in a vocal language, for I do not recollect to have met with any among the savages near the Pole, who converse only by signs; or if they used any, I did not understand them. Aristotle is of opinion, that horses have not the use of tropes.—Dean Swift seems to be of a contrary opinion; but be this as it may, tropes
 are

are of very great importance in Parliament, and I cannot enough recommend them to my young readers.

“ *Tropes* are of two kinds: such as attend to illustrate our meaning; and 2dly, such as tend to render it obscure. The first are of great use in the *sermo pedestris*; the second in the sublime. They give the *os magna sonans*; or, as the same poet says in another place, the *ore rotundo*; an expression, which shews, by the bye, that it is as necessary to round your mouth, as to round your periods.— But of this more hereafter, when I come to treat of *mouthing*, or, as the Latins call it, *elocutio*.

“ In the course of my reflexions on tropes, I have frequently lamented the want of these embellishments in our modern *log-books*. Strabo says they were frequently employed by the ancient sailors; nor can we wonder at this difference, since our young seamen are such bad scholars: not so in other countries; for I have seen children at the island of *Zanti*, who knew more of Greek than any First Lieutenant. Now to return to tropes, and of their use in Parliament. I will give you some examples of the most perfect kind in each species, and then quit the subject: only observing, that the worst kind of tropes are *puns*; and that tropes, when used in controversy, ought to be very obscure; for many people do not know how to answer what they do not understand.

“ Suppose

"Suppose I was desirous of pressing forward any measure, and that I apprehended that the opposite party wished to delay it, I should personify procrastination by one of the following manners

1. "*This measure appears to be filtered through the drip-stone of procrastination.*" This beautiful phrase was invented by a near relation of mine, whose talents bid fair to make a most distinguished figure in the senate.

2. "*This is another dish cooked up by the procrastinating spirit.*" The boldness of this figure, which was invented by Mr. Drake, cannot be too much admired.

3. "*This appears to be the last hair in the tail of procrastination.*"

"The *Master of the Rolls*, who first used this phrase, is a most eloquent speaker; but I think the two former instances much more beautiful, inasmuch as the latter personification is drawn from a dumb creature, which is not so fine a source of metaphor as a Christian.

"Having thus exhausted the subject of metaphors, I shall say a few words concerning *similies*, the second of tropical figures, in point of importance."

POETICAL

POETICAL EPISTLE

FROM JAMES STOVIN, ESQ. TO WILLIAM GILBY,
M. D. OF WINTERTON IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

IN human life, since little else appears,
Than change of folly, with a change of years;
Since Youth its baubles seeks, Old Age its shells,
And firmer Manhood wears his cap and bells;
Forgive th' imperfect essay of your friend,
Whose object's pastime, and to please whose end.

In childhood's dawn, when all the frame is weak,
Nor can we firmly walk, nor freely speak;
When the impendant jaw, and vacant stare,
Our few ideas and want of thought declare;
When, hung with silver bells, the coral red,
Tho' oft rejected, still we take for bread;
When nurses scarce, or quick-ey'd mothers find,
Marks of some future greatness in the mind;
Say, what a thing forlorn is rising Man,
Tho' form'd by Nature on so wise a plan?
Where is that wisdom, where that ardent fire,
Which after-crowds shall envy and admire?
That courage which transmits a deathless name,
And points the road to everlasting fame;
Which CATO urg'd to act the patriot's part,
And glows as warm in British ELLIOT's heart?
That love of Liberty, which FOX inspires,
And fills his patriot soul with sacred fires?

The

The tongue which future Senates may engage,
 Now wails with grief, or squalls with vengeful rage;
 Dull are the eyes, and round and plump the face,
 Where innocence alone has left a trace;
 To guess the passions we in vain essay,
 When o'er their marks are quickly wip'd away,
 Like clouds in March, when western winds prevail,
 Which vanish soon before the rising gale;
 Leaving all ether bright, and pure, and clear,
 Till other storms arise, and other clouds appear.
 Such is the infant state—such Man's first days,
 Exempt from censure, and unworthy praise;
 And were no future deeds our care to claim,
 And give us up to good or evil fame,
 Unnotic'd shou'd we live, unnotic'd die,
 As weeds that spring, and only weeds supply.

But pass we now to life's extremest verge,
 Where ills await, and crowded frailties urge;
 When weak in body, and depress'd in mind,
 Behold the falling ruins of mankind!
 Worn out with crosses, and subdu'd by care,
 He hoards up wealth might bless a starving heir:
 Ill-temper'd, peevish, querulous, and vain,
 He loves to censure, backbite, and complain;
 Experienc'd deeply in the ways of man,
 Eager his smallest blemishes to scan!
 Hark with what spleen he blackens all the crimes,
 In which he wanton'd in his hey-day times;

But

But now when passion presses him no more,
 He e'en is good and virtuous at fourscore:
 Youth he condemns as thoughtless and profane,
 And manhood passes not without a stain;
 Rash, confident, presuming, void of rule,
 Ever in haste to shew itself a fool;
 Impetuous in pursuit of fancy'd good,
 And snatching bliss, whilst bliss is yet in bud.
 With endless railing thus he swells his theme,
 And proudly hopes past errors to redeem;
 But hopes in vain, for ne'er can pride erase
 Th' unnumber'd follies of his youthful days.
 What period then of life is free from fault,
 And man, when lives he as he ever ought?
 In youth? in age? or in the middle span,
 When most his pow'rs the most exalt the man?
 In youth how feeble, age how incomplete,
 And ev'n in vigour, but abjectly great!
 Still hoping time will add to wisdom's store,
 And give to-morrow things deny'd before:
 To fond delusive hope a willing prey,
 Charm'd with what shall be, heedless of to-day:
 By fatal passions hurried to excess,
 Which serve alike to charm, delude, depress;
 Check all the nobler efforts of the mind,
 To low pursuits, and vulgar tracks confin'd;
 Obscure the reason, make e'en virtue nod,
 And to a brute debase the form of God.

In

In life throughout, in every separate part,
 Or we despise the head, or blame the heart;
 Or curse the passions, and their baleful train,
 Of ills that lead to never ending pain.
 Thus trav'lers dread the sun's intenser blaze,
 And wish for cooler and more temp'rate days;
 But dread alike autumnal pouring rains,
 The blasts of Spring, and Winter's icy chains.

I. S.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE
 PRECEDING.

PROCEED, my friend, nor check thy Muse's
 flight,

That nobly dares Parnassus' utmost height;
 Whose scarce fledg'd wings so boldly 'tempts to soar
 Its lofty summit, and its sweets explore.
 Thy first essay proclaims to thee belong
 The pleasing grace, and energy of song:
 So sweet thy ethic lines in numbers roll,
 At once they teach and captivate the soul.
 'Twas so harmonious POPE sublimely sung;
 Thus gentle GAY, and ever-plaintive YOUNG.
 Go, persevere like them; inform mankind
 With ev'ry virtue, ev'ry good refin'd:
 Nor meanly stoop, nor prostitute thy lays
 To fordid envy, or unworthy praise.

Be

In

Be sacred Truth thy great unerring guide,
 (To follow her be e'er thy noblest pride.)
 Then shall thy name to future ages stand,
 Enrolled high among the tuneful band;
 Thy fame, thy glory undiminish'd be,
 Till wasteful Time brings on Eternity.

Gunnersbury,
 October 16, 1784.

I. T.

LORD CARLISLE TO LORD FITZWILLIAM, ON HIS
 RECOVERY FROM A SEVERE ILLNESS WHEN AT
 ETON SCHOOL.

FITZWILLIAM's health's my glorious theme,
 My rapture, vision, and my dream:
 Adieu ye mournful strains;
 No signs of grief, no ardent fear,
 For you, my Fitz, no gushing tear,
 No low'ring sigh remains.

For you, reviv'd again, I may
 Invite the sweet, the jocund lay;
 With you again I'll roam,
 'Mongst murm'ring Thames' o'er bowers,
 'Mongst Henry's shades, 'mongst Henry's towers,
 Or Windsor's awful dome.

I know

I know, my FITZ, you think my soul
Is too impatient of controul,
Too like the giddy throng;
But, ah! I miss the friendly voice,
Which or to praise, or could rejoice,
Or tell me I was wrong.

Too oft will bards devote their lays
To Int'rest's shrine, to fulsome praise,
Too long of greatness sing;
Not so with me these numbers flow,
Not from an outward flatt'ring show,
But these from friendship spring.

But next my Muse to Warren pay
The tribute of a grateful lay;
O sing his friendly hand!
Tell how he did my friend restore,
How intellectual Pluto's pow'r
Became at his command.

What pangs wou'd else have rent my heart?]
We must not, cannot, will not part;
O stop that hasty word——
For, ah! to us it is not giv'n,
With words t' oppose the will of Heav'n,
Its high Almighty Lord.

ON HARWOOD-HOUSE,
THE RESIDENCE OF EDWIN LASCELLES, ESQ. IN
YORKSHIRE.

HERE Hunger stalk'd in starving * Cutl day,
Where now inspiring Plenty strews the way.
Blest change! the former sons of Sorrow cry,
When wealth employ'd so greets the plausive eye.
Witness, ye sylvan scenes, gay cultur'd land,
Vitruvian polish, and the tasteful band;
The winding stream that laves the flow'ry shores,
And rising beauties that each day explores;
All, all confess the noble festive fare,
The finish'd elegance, and friendly chair!

Fly

* Sir John Cutler, a rich usurer in the last century, on whose character Mr. Pope hath animadverted.

It is said that he precluded the faint glimmering of a farthing candle, when business would not justify the expence of the light.

He was formerly the owner of the premises where the sumptuous structure now stands; many are the anecdotes in the town of Harwood, concerning the parsimony of this person; among the rest, the author of "Verbia," a poem, relates in a note, that "His method was to bring with him (from London) only one man-servant; to have a single joint made ready, which after the first warm onset, served them cold until the bones were picked,

Fly quick, for ever fly, ye venal crew,
 Ye meagre heirs of Avarice, adieu!
 Hence to your dark abodes, where Mis'ry dwells,
 And pine the doleful tenants of your cells,
 Thirst 'midst the store, nor know what comforts mean,
 All ye, that from yourselves so furtive glean.
 Long may thy chimnies smoke; abundance reign,
 And laughing Lares join the buxom train;
 While arts and science grace the splendid pile,
 Sweet classic dome! fair phoenix of our isle!

Leeds, 1784.

RUSTICUS.

PROLOGUE TO ZARA.

(BY GENERAL BURGOYNE.)

SPOKEN BY LORD RAWDON, AT BOSTON.

IN Britain once, (it stains th' historic page)

Freedom was vital-struck by party-rage:

Cromwell the fever watch'd, the knife supplied,

She madden'd, and by suicide she died.

picked, when a supply was brought to satisfy in the same way.—

The distance of the mansion from Harwood was under a mile,
 from whence he hired a woman to make his bed twice a-week,
 and to perform on that day the arrear-work of the intervals."

Amidst the groans sunk every liberal art,
 That polish life, or humanize the heart;
 Then, fell the stage, quell'd by the bigot's roar,
 Truth fell with Sense, and Shakespeare charm'd no
 more.

To sooth the times too much resembling those,
 And lull the care-tir'd thought, this stage arose;
 Proud if you hear, rewarded if you're pleas'd,
 We come to minister to *minds diseas'd*.
 To you, who, guardians of a nation's cause,
 Unsheath the sword to vindicate her laws,
 The tragic scene holds Glory up to view,
 And bids heroic Virtue live in you;
 Unite the Patriot's with the Warrior's care,
 And while you burn to conquer, wish to spare.
 The comic scene presides o'er social life,
 And forms the husband, father, friend, and wife;
 To paint from nature, and with colours nice,
 Shew us ourselves, and laugh us out of vice.
 Now say, ye Boston prudes, (if prudes there are)
 Is this a task unworthy of the fair?
 Will fame, decorum, piety refuse
 A call on Beauty to conduct the Muse?
 Perish the narrow thought, the stand'rous tongue!
 When the heart's right, the action can't be wrong.
 Behold the test, mark at the curtain's rise,
 How Malice shrinks abash'd at Zara's eyes!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN IN 1782, UPON THE BUST OF THE EARL
OF CHATHAM.

HER trophies faded, and revers'd her spear,
See England's Genius bend o'er CHATHAM's bier.
No more her sails thro' every clime unfurl'd,
Shall spread his dictates o'er th' admiring world;
No more shall accents nervous, bold, and strong,
Flow in full periods from his matchless tongue.
Yet shall thy name, great Shade, from age to age,
Bright in poetic and historic page,
Thine, and thy country's fate congenial tell,
By thee she triumph'd, and with thee she fell.

O R D E R:

A P O E M.

UNHAPPY man thro' life's successive years,
From youth to age, say how thy reason errs;
Still prone to weep thy miseries below,
Regardless of the source from whence they flow;
On Nature charging, and her perfect laws,
Those ills thy follies, or thy vices cause.

But know thou this, Nature, to all a friend,
Directs each being to its proper end;
To happiness points out the certain road,
To follow Nature, as to follow God.

Ere Time had birth, or the sun's radiant light
Dissolv'd the reign of Chaos and old Night,
Nature unform'd, in rude disorder lay,
And held in anarchy a lawless sway.

But God commands—all civil discords cease,
And warring elements unite in peace;
Systems in Order strait begin to roll,
And friendly parts compose one beauteous whole.

To Nature thus th' Eternal Mover said,
" Thro' all my works be Order's laws obey'd;
" Order decreed the certain path to bliss,
" None ere shall err, who strictly move by this."

Look then around, the universe survey,
And follow Nature, as she leads the way;
To yonder ample arch direct thine eye,
And view the perfect Order of the sky.

Fix'd

Pix'd in his orb, see with refulgent ray,
 The constant sun lights up the genial day;
 While shining worlds melodiously advance,
 And form around the planetary dance.

See the pale moon adorn'd with borrow'd light,
 More faintly gilds the dusky shades of night;
 In bright array, she leads her starry train,
 Obeys the earth, and guides the swelling main.

Her starry train, by the same rule confin'd,
 Obsequious wait, nor leave their Queen behind;
 But all in perfect harmony conspire,
 To move as Order and its laws require.

To earth descend—see mountains, woods, and
 vales,
 The murm'ring waters, and the whisp'ring gales;
 Whatever wings the lovely realms of Day,
 Lives on the land, or swims along the sea:
 In Order all pursue the ends design'd,
 Proportion'd to their station, and their kind.

Rains feed the earth; nor does the earth deny
 To send 'em back in vapours to the sky;
 Seas fill the springs—the springs again repay
 Their grateful tribute to the flowing sea.

Night follows day—seasons the year divide,
 'Twixt Winter's nakedness, and Summer's pride ;
 And flow'rs and fruits, (the Summer's rich supply)
 Rise, bloom, and flourish, sicken, fade, and die.

Without controul, unerring Instinct reigns,
 And see, each brute the gen'ral law maintains ;
 Unchanging verges to the destin'd goal,
 True as the Needle trembles to the Pole.

But Man, the sport of ev'ry passion made,
 By all caress'd, and yet by all betray'd ;
 From Order's flow'ry path perversely strays,
 And wanders on in Error's crooked maze ;
 And, spite of Nature, and in Reason's spite,
 Pursues wrong measures, and neglects the right.

But mark how, rising from this fatal source,
 Vice pours along, resistless in its course ;
 And, like some raging flood, without controul,
 Heaps woes on woes, and deluges the soul.

Hence Love and Hate, in wild disorder join'd,
 Disturb his reason, and distract his mind ;
 Delusive Hope, and more delusive Fear,
 Now raise him up, now sink him in despair.

Hence

Hence Anger burns, and pale Dejection chills,
 Envy torments, and pining Sorrow kills;
 And every passion in its turn destroys
 Some present bliss, or lessens future joys.

From hence Excess, parent of Sloth and Ease,
 Calls forth the lurking seeds of each disease;
 And Death, grim tyrant! hastens on his pace,
 To shorten half the date of human race.

Hence injur'd Innocence oppression feels,
 And Persecution threatens whips and wheels;
 And Justice mourns, depress'd by perjur'd tools,
 A prey to Malice, and a scorn to fools.

Hence War with thousands heaps the sanguine
 plain,
 And Liberty deplores a Tyrant's reign;
 In guilty state thus conqu'ring Cæsar rode,
 And drench'd Pharsalia's field with Roman blood;
 Thus Philip's son ran mad with martial pride,
 And Nero, once a saint, turn'd parricide.

A savage life our rustic fathers led,
 Acorns their food, and mother Earth their bed;
 Rough in their habit, in their manners rude,
 A lawless, cruel, and ignoble crowd.

But Order rose, the beauteous child of Jove,
 Parent of Pleasure, Harmony, and Love;
 Smiling she rose, and Discord took its flight,
 The savages grew mild, the rude polite;
 Thus spectres vanish at th' approach of light.

Then Peace triumphant wav'd her olive wand,
 And chearful Plenty crown'd each happy land;
 Then laws were made to curb unruly Might,
 And Justice held th' impartial scales of Right.

The nuptial torch then first began to flame,
 And blended int'rest pointed at one aim;
 Hence sprung the tender social ties of life,
 Friend, Father, Brother, Husband, Child, and Wife.
 Then towns were built, and mutual leagues were
 made,
 And states were form'd by Order's pow'rful aid,
 And man forsook the cave, and sylvan shade.

Thus poets tell, by Orpheus' lays inspir'd,
 Tygers grew mild, and silently admir'd;
 Thus walls and tow'rs around Amphion throng,
 And stately Thebes was built by magic song.

Then

Then patriots rose, who tyranny withstood,
 And greatly suffer'd, for their country's good ;
 Here Codrus dies, friend to th' Athenian state,
 And brave Timoleon seals his brother's fate ;
 There Regulus to sure destruction runs,
 And Brutus bleeds for Rome, in both his sons.

Then arts were known, and sciences began,
 To polish and refine the ways of man ;
 Here blushing grapes the spreading vines adorn,
 And fertile fields turn white with waving corn ;
 In verdant pastures there the cattle stray,
 While jovial shepherds chaunt the rural lay.

Here Navigation spreads her swelling sails,
 Rides on the waves, and courts the prosp'rous gales ;
 And Commerce round the globe begins to roll,
 And wafts the wealth of India to the Pole.

Then Sculpture first in due proportion shone,
 And beauty seem'd to breathe in living stone ;
 Then mimic Paint deceiv'd the wond'ring eye,
 And each bold figure seem'd a stander-by.

Then Architecture heav'd some lofty dome,
 The pride of Athens, Babylon. or Rome.

Such are thy structures, CARLISLE, such their
state,
Nobly sublime, and regularly great ;
Where grace and art, in full perfection join'd,
Reflect the image of their master's mind.

But, daring Muse, restrain thy tow'ring wing,
Unable thou that lofty theme to sing ;
That lofty theme adorns a Muse's lays,
Whose wit shall charm, till taste itself decays.

Thus Order first the savage world refin'd,
Reform'd their manners, and improv'd their mind.

Say then, weak man, is happiness thy care ?
Be timely wise, nor trust thyself too far ;
Restrain thy passions, call thy reason in,
And quell the fierce exulting foe within ;
To Order's standard be thy acts confin'd,
Let Order rule the fallies of thy mind :
With strictest care thy lesser world command,
As moves the greater by th' Almighty's hand ;
As shifts no star but by his sov'reign sway,
So follow thou, as Order points the way ;
From this foundation sure to climb to bliss,
None e'er shall err, who strictly move by this.

V E R S E S

BY MR. ALMON TO HIS DAUGHTER ON HER BIRTH-DAY. WRITTEN AT BOX-MOOR, IN HERTFORD-SHIRE, SOON AFTER THE DEATH OF HER MOTHER. (*See Vol. III. p. 240*).

A Birth-day ode's a hackney'd strain,
It ev'ry year adorns the reign
Of George our gracious king;
Let others boast their poets' lays,
Their muses crown their heads with bays,
Their poppy laurels bring;

I'll chaunt your fond, your tender care,
Your anxious thoughts, your hopes to rear
The scyon of our view;*
A younger sister's early days,
To guard her steps, to watch her ways;
A bud as sweet as you.

And when you quit a father's eye,
The thorny paths of life to try,
Some favor'd youth to bless;
Give him the reins I held before,
No honest man abuses pow'r,
No wife has therefore less.

* Her younger sister.

There was a time, when hand in hand,
 Look'd each fond parent o'er the band
 Of all our little loves;
 When that fair hand that form'd your youth
 To virtue, purity, and truth,
 "Soft as the down of doves:"

That halcyon time is o'er; she's gone,
 To whose bless'd mem'ry every one
 Will say the tear is due:
 My Pegasus grown old and lame,
 And clipt his wings, and very tame,
 Yet I can sing of you.

The present hour demands my song;
 Our loss is great, we feel it strong,
 Retirement aids the smart;
 We'll try to smoothe affliction's road,
 Others before the same have trod,
 It leads but to the heart.

We'll try to change this rural scene,
 Pleasant how'er it once has been,
 And breathe another air.
 London, or Paris, matters not,
 Either would suit our present lot,
 Or both divide the year.

What

What though our fertile fields afford
 All that can grace a mod'rate board,
 With fish and game in plenty;
 Tho' prospects round us daily rise,
 To warm the heart and please the eyes,
 With proofs of nature's bounty.*

Yet we'll forego this scene of bliss,
 To us it yields not happiness,
 'Tis solitude and sorrow;
 Each room impels a deep'ning sigh,
 Echoes from ev'ry wall reply,
 " Fly hence, nor stay to-morrow;

" 'Tis in variety you'll find,
 " That cure for a disemper'd mind,
 " Which your own house denies;
 " Let others woo the rural maid,
 " Silvia's arms admire the glade,
 " And praise the summer skies.

O fortunè séjour ! O champs amies des cieux ! *Boileau.*

" Let him who wants a snug retreat,
" From war, or trade, or cares of state,
" Enjoy what you have rear'd ; †
" To other scenes direct your view,
" Each will present you something new ;
" Nor think your fortune hard."

Thus Wisdom says in each reflection ;
And true it is, no conic section
Can state a problem stronger ;
Each day's experience tells the same ;—
Then I, and only I'm to blame ;
We'll tarry here no longer.

† He built the house. The *Ambulator*, printed in 1782, page 48, says it is "pleasantly situated on the west side of Box Moor, between Berkhamstead and Hemel Hempstead, in Hertfordshire, twenty-three miles from London."

THE CONGRATULATION:

ADDRESSED TO THE SONS OF FREEDOM, ON THE
CHANGE OF THE MINISTRY IN 1766.

Hic murus abeneus esto.

BY THE SAME.

THANK Heav'n! at length the paltry farce is
o'er,

Th' *ill-guided* puppets strut in state no more:
At once, without a plaudit, quit the stage,
Spiritless youth, and unenlighten'd age.

Pelham and Wentworth, faltering, head the
band,

Conway leads Richmond by the filial hand:
The bold Lancastrian Admiral takes to flight,
Drops the Red Rose, and *re-assumes* the White:
Mechanic Dowdeswell grasps no more the pen,
Skilful to prove that five and five make ten,
Sage to subtract a dozen from a score——
His talents sleep where Dashwood's slept before:
Funeral Finch, with solemn pace, attends
The mournful exit of his hapless friends;

And,

And, tho' no longer chair'd in state, looks big,
 In all the awful majesty of wig;
 Down his huge back the fable volumes roll,
 And suit the gloomy *habit*—of his soul.

Peace to their shades! may dark oblivion hide,
 Statesmen, who build on *negatives* their pride!
 Or if, surviving in th' historic page,
 Their mem'ry must endure from age to age;
 With just posterity be this their fate.
 To meet *contempt*, too impotent for *hate*!

All hail the Monarch, studious still to bless,
 Who hears his subjects, and who grants redress!
 Attentive ever to the public weal,
 Wise to explore, beneficent to heal!
 Kings, ev'n the best, may, *ill-advis'd*, do wrong;
 Goodness itself may err—but cannot long.
 Camden and Pitt the general voice requir'd,
 Camden and Pitt the Patriot Muse desir'd;
 Th' indulgent Sov'reign smooths his thoughtful
 brow,
 And knows no favourites but his people's now.

O you, who, born a falling state to save,
 Could conjunct pow'rs of rival nations brave!
 With strength united prop the tottering dome,
 And guard your country from her foes at home:

Ne'er

Ne'er let Corruption's poison'd seeds be sown,
 Keep all finister influence from the Throne;
 That unpolluted, unobscur'd, may shine
 The native lustre of the Brunswick Line!

EX TEMPORE,

IN A LONG TEDIOUS SERMON AT OLNEY CHURCH,

BY E. T. PILGRIM, ESQ.

My very good friend,
 Pray come to an end,
 And "let us in peace now depart,
 And "let us in peace now depart!"
 For sermons so long,
 Are like an old song,
 Too much to be gotten by heart!

ON THE USE OF HAIR POWDER BEING DISCONTINUED BY THE LADIES.—WRITTEN AFTER THE CONCLUSION OF THE LATE PEACE.

BY THE SAME.

SINCE the blessings of peace have again reach'd
our isle,
And crown'd us with quiet repose;
Our *powder* and *shot* lie neglected a while,
In reserve for our insolent foes.

But Britain's fair nymphs, not to peace so inclin'd,
Have only the *powder* thrown by;
More fatal than ever, the *shot* we now find,
Unerring that darts from their eye!

Yet spare us, sweet damsels! nor kill us outright,
Let the banners of Peace be display'd;
And with *conquest* let *clemency* ever unite,
To heal the dread wounds you have made!

August, 1783.

L I N E S.

L I N E S.

BY THE SAME.

AS Dick his usual nap was taking,
 (The dinner just remov'd,)
 Charlotte, ever brisk and waking,
 All *dozing* disapprov'd.

From Dick, who still somnif'rous kept,
 This answer she receiv'd——
 "Charlotte, if *man* had never *slept*,
 "No *woman* e'er had liv'd."

Pertly the little slut replies,
 "How much from *us* you reap!
 "But for *our sex* to ope' your eyes,
 "You would *for ever* sleep!"

THE AIR-BALLOON.

ON the land let them travel, as many as list,
 And by *sea* those who like the hard fare;
 In an airy balloon, whilst I sit at my ease,
 And most pleasantly glide thro' the air!

Round

Round the globe is the farthest they ever can reach,
 Let them travel night, morning, and noon;
 Such excursions as these are but mere bagatelles,
 When compar'd with a trip to the *moon*!

In my chariot aerial how pleasing to ride,
 And see all my good friends in the stars!
 Take a breakfast with *Mercury*, and dine if I please
 With old *Jupiter*, *Saturn*, or *Mars*!

And should I fatigued or wearisome prove,
 Whilst from planet to planet I'm dodging;
 With *Venus* I'm welcome to tarry all night,
 Where on *earth* can you find such a lodging?

January, 1784.

ON THE WORD "NO."

BELINDA, sweet girl, with a frown answer'd,
 "No,"

When Amander petition'd a kiss:—
 "Do you really mean *No*?"—Again it was "*No*,"
 So 'tis plain that her meaning was *Yes*.

From

From this we may learn the first *No* nôt to mind,
 When to wedlock our fair ones we prefs;—
 Make them say *No*, and *No*, and then we may find
 This dread *No*, *twice* repeated, is *Yes*!

E P I T A P H.

ON TABITHA SPINSTER.

TABBY, immaculate and pure,
 Who liv'd a spotless maid,
 From man ne'er thought herself secure,
 Till in her coffin laid!

Full *threescore* years she stood the test
 Of all our sex's art;
 Not one could warm her icy breast,
 Or melt her frozen heart!

Tho' long she kept her virgin state,
 Death *ravis'd* her at last!
 She struggled—but, O cruel fate!
 He held poor *Tabby* fast!

Her *cats* and *lap-dogs* now begin
 To mourn her, past relief!
 Her parrot squalls, her monkeys grin,
 And chatter loud for grief!

EXTEM.

E X T E M P O R E.

IN HAMPSTEAD CHURCH; A VERY HOT DAY, AND
THE TEXT, "BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

"EACH other's burdens for to bear,"
If *that's* to be our lot,
It should have been a *winter's* text,
In *summer* 'tis too hot!

L I N E S,

ON A YOUNG LADY WISHING TO ASCEND IN AN
AIR-BALLOON.

FORBEAR, sweet girl, your scheme forego;
And thus our anxious troubles end;
Swiftly you'll mount, full well we know,
And greatly fear—you'll not *descend*!

When angels see a mortal rise,
So beautiful, divine, and fair,
They'll not release you from the skies,
But keep their *sister-angel* there!

L I N E S

LINES ON MR. PITT.

WHEN *Chatham* died, Britannia bow'd,
And mourn'd his absence long in vain;
'Till Heav'n another *Pitt* bestow'd,
And Chatham's *spirit* rais'd again!

IMPROMPTU.

ON BEING LOCKED IN AT KENSINGTON GARDENS,
(THE GATES OF WHICH ARE USUALLY SHUT AT
NINE O'CLOCK.)

FROM *Paradise* Adam and Eve were shut out,
As a punishment due to their sin;
But *here*, after *nine*, should you loiter about,
For your punishment, you'll be shut in!

EPIGRAM.

MICHAELMAS-DAY.

FIVE thousand *geese* this day are doom'd to die;
What dreadful havoc 'mongst *society*!

D

EPI.

E P I G R A M.

HOW kind has Nature unto *Bluster* been,
 Who gave him dreadful looks, and dauntless mien;
 Gave tongue to swagger; eyes to strike dismay;
 And, kinder still, gave legs—to run away!

E P I G R A M.

JACK long has lov'd, and ever constant proves;
 No wonder—'tis his own sweet *self* he loves!

LINES ON MR. LUNARDI;

THE FIRST PERSON WHO ASCENDED ALONE IN AN
 AIR-BALLOON, AND THE FIRST WHO WENT UP
 IN ENGLAND.

WHEN brave *Lunardi* soar'd on high,
 And danger boldly spurn'd;
 What breast but heav'd an anxious sigh,
 And wish'd him safe return'd?

Of heroes Britain owns her share,
 In *Water* *, *Earth* †, and *Flame* ‡;
 But yet no *hero* had in *Air*,
 Till great *Lunardi* came!

September, 1784.

ON THE LUNARDI BONNET AND GARTERS WORN
 BY THE LADIES.

FROM the *head* of each Fair, down as low as the *knee*,
 Thy dominions, *Lunardi*, are fix'd——
 Not a monarch so rich, or so happy can be,
 Since there's nought but an *EDEN* betwixt!

E P I T A P H
 ON A LINEN-DRAPER.

COTTONS and *Cambricks* all adieu,
 And *Muslins* too, farewell;
 Plain, strip'd, and figur'd, old and new,
 Three quarters, yard, or ell!

* Sea engagements. † Land engagements. ‡ Martyrs.

By *yard* and *nail*, I've measur'd *ye*,
 As customers inclin'd——
 The church-*yard* now has measur'd me,
 And *nails* my coffin bind!

ON THE TAX UPON HATS, WHEREBY EVERY HAT
 ABOVE THE PRICE OF 4s. IS OBLIGED TO BE
 STAMPED WITH THE CROWN.

TO the *Crown* what disgrace this new tax, Sir, has
 brought on!
 To many a fool what renown!
 For since tax upon hats was unluckily thought on,
 How many *calves'* heads wear the *Crown*!

EPIGRAM

ON AN OLD SHOE.

THROUGHOUT my life, I've fore been prefs'd,
 And trampled under feet;
 A stranger all my days to rest,
 Or liberty so sweet!

But

But now I'm gone, and quite decay'd,
And nought can me condole;
For he whose pow'r and wisdom made
Me—cannot save my *sole*!

EXTEMPORE

ON A LOTTERY-OFFICE ADVERTISEMENT, EN-
TITLED, "A NEW ROAD TO RICHES."

THO' your "new Road to Riches" quite smoo-h
may appear,
Yet the *turnpikes*, believe me, are devilish dear!

EPIGRAM.

SCRIBBLETONIUS, by volumes, whene'er we pe-
ruse,

This idea they always instil;—
That you pilfer'd, felonious, the *brains* of a goose,
When you robb'd the poor bird of a *quill*!

THE ÆROSTATIC FAIR.

“WHAT’s that,” says Venus, “in the skies,
 “Which shines so bright this afternoon?”
 Young Cupid smil’d, and laughing cries,
 “’Tis Phillis in an air-balloon!”

“*His* the invention Merc’ry feigns,
 “With beauteous girls to furnish Jove;
 “And save his Godship future pains,
 “Of leaving heav’n, on earth to rove!”

E X T E M P O R E

AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON THE AUKWARD-
 NESS OF THE SCENE-SHIFTERS IN REMOVING
 THE DEAD BODY OF SEMPRONIUS, IN THE TRA-
 GEDY OF CATO.

THY fate, Sempronius, I deplore,
 Thou ne’er wast so disgrac’d before;
 For tho’ by Juba fully slaughter’d,
 Thy corpse was *drawn*, and almost *quarter’d*!

“HONY

“ HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.”

WHEN *Britain* acts by *British* laws,
 And rules with *British* skill;
 Whoe'er for quarrel seeks a cause,
 Or thinks her conduct ill;
 Her motto (should they take offence)
 Is—“ *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*”

But, when *Britannia's* arms they dare,
 And urge her to the fight;
 Or wage a base, vindictive war,
 Her laurel'd brows to blight;
 Her sword shall then explain the sense
 Of—“ *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*”

ADDRESSED TO JOHN AUBREY, ESQ. ON HIS GLO-
 RIOUS TRIUMPH AT AYLESBURY, ON THE SIXTH
 OF MAY, 1784, A DAY SACRED TO EVERY MAN
 WHO DARED TO TAKE UP HIS FREEDOM FOR THE
 COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM.

BY THE REV. MR. C——, OF TH——E, OXON.

AUBREY! whom Heaven's extended bounties
 blefs,

And Nature seems industrious to cares;
 For whose lov'd self those various joys abound,
 Which birth and fortune's amplest state surround;
 Who for thy country's wrongs has often sigh'd,
 Unvarying worth thy object and thy guide.
 Still steady to pursue the patriot plan,
 While Truth and Honour form'd the valu'd man.
 Oh! let me speak the triumphs of that hour,
 When false ambition sunk beneath thy pow'r;
 When Fraud and mean Dependance wing'd their
 way,

And Freedom hail'd thee as returning day:
 See thine own *Pitt* applaud the virtuous deed,
 And smiling reach to thee the envy'd meed!

See

See from the light'ning of his patriot eye;
How ever-living sparks of Freedom fly!

Supremely blest, who guards the public weal,
Nor scorns the joys that humbler subjects feel;
Whose virtues, with a more than mortal care,
Relieve each British bosom from despair;
And is *himself that band, whose strength unites*
His Sov'reign's glory with the People's rights.

E P I G R A M

ON THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

WRITTEN IN CONSEQUENCE OF HER GRACE'S CAN-
VAS IN SUPPORT OF MR. FOX.

ARRAY'D in matchless beauty, *Devon's FAIR*
In *Fox's* favour takes a zealous part:
But, Oh! where'er the *pilferer* comes—beware!
She supplicates a vote, and *steals* a heart.

E P I G R A M.

WHILE you, *Great George*, for knowledge hunt,
And *sharp conductors* change for *blunt*,
The Empire's out of joint;
Franklin a wiser path pursues,
And all your thunder heedless views,
By sticking to the point.

E P I G R A M

ON THE PHRASE, "KILLING TIME."

BY VOLTAIRE.

(*TIME is supposed to speak.*)

" **LORSQUE**, pour s'amaſer, ſans ceſſe ils s'eventuent

" Ces Meſſieurs les humains, ils diſent qu'ils me
tuent ;

" Moi, je ne me vante de rien

" Mais, ma fois, je m'en venge bien."

" There's ſcarce a point wherein mankind agree

" So well, as in their boaſt of killing me:

" I boaſt of nothing, but when I've a mind,

" I think I can be even with mankind."

O D E,

TO THE PRESENT OMNIPOTENT MINISTER.

GREAT Miniſter, *Pitt!* was I bleſt with much wit,

In verſe, all your virtues I'd tell ;

Nor cou'd you declaim, on this favourite theme,

Half ſo long, or ſo loud, or ſo well !

But

But if you'll admit, great Minister, *Pitt!*

My hearty good-will for the deed;
I'll inyoke ev'ry Muse, ev'ry word pick and chuse,
And in praise, your self-praise I'll exceed.

But first, my dear boy—let me here give you joy,

Of a pure and immaculate birth;
For, from what I can hear, from yourself and else-
where,

I am sure, you're no son of the Earth!

With talents divine, ah! how would you shine,

Cou'd the Commons their confidence lend!

But that's no great thing, you've the Lords and the
K——,

And the Commons you sure can suspend!

As to Indian Reform, which has rais'd such a storm,

Lord, how hotly they handled your Bill!

When I vow and declare, circumstanc'd as we were,

I think, 'twou'd have done us no ill.

Charles Fox, it is true, much more vig'rous than you,

Really meant an efficient measure;

While you, not in vain, sought effect to refrain,

So your Bill might create no displeasure.

In the midst of your glory, 'tis a damnable story,
 'That something shou'd still be a-wanting;
 Tho' 'tis but a trifle, yet the Muse fain wou'd stifle,
 That, in place, still for pow'r you're a-panting.

Did Bard *Hamb'ry* survive, perhaps he'd contrive
 Some simile to your situation;
 And right archly might sing, how *Hans Carvel's*
 fam'd ring
 Wou'd fit both your finger and station.

Your finger once there, you have nothing to fear,
 Tho' no joy, nor much rest, can ensue;
 But still you're a-doing, what prevents others wooing,
 And Impotence still prevents you!

What tho' thus disgrac'd, 'tis some comfort at least,
 That the fountain of honour you flow;
 And by Peerage secure ev'ry burgage tenure,
 Yet continue as pure as the snow.

Jack Robin's rat-catching, 'tis said, was your hatching,
 And sure this was innocent play—
 Had it come from another, 'twould have made a
 damn'd pother,
 But you remain bright as the day!

If dissembling be truth, dear immaculate youth,
 In a *Pitt*, (not a *well*) truth is found ;
 But if truth is defin'd, by speaking one's mind,
 In faith I'm afraid we're a-ground !

But, young innocent quack, I will now state a fact,
 From which you've deriv'd much eclat,
 And still my heart swells, when I think of the Pells,
 By which you've kept Malice in awe !

This, this was a deed, which none e'er can exceed !
 Tho', perhaps, on a fair calculation,
 We might cry, take the Pell, it will save us from
 hell ;
 With your gift, you have dealt us d——— !

February 27,

T O M T I C K L E.

1784.

T H E

THE SYBIL'S LEAF;

A POLITICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1785.

Jan. 14. MR. P — brought into the House of — heads of two bills ; one for laying certain restrictions on the liberty of the press ; and the other for enabling his Majesty to apply a full moiety of all sums vested in the public funds, for the immediate exigencies of the C — n !

Feb. 3. Lord *Del* — — tarred and feathered by an enraged multitude in the North ; who afterwards conveyed his Lordship to the bottom of one of his own coal-pits, where he did a month's penance before he was restored to light !

— 20. Mr. *Beauf* — y, Member for Y — mouth, was drowned in a large vat of his own sweet wine, at his manufactory, Lambeth marsh !

Mar. 19. Earl *T* — — le dislocated his collar-bone, by tumbling down a lofty flight of back-stairs, at St. James's !

— 27. Lord *V* — — rs recovered by the Operators of the Humane Society, after having lain
fifteen

fifteen minutes at the bottom of a basin of gold and silver fish, into which he unfortunately fell, as he was intently admiring the divinities of his own person !

— 30. The Westminster Scrutiny ended, (every procrastinating art being exhausted by the the Court party) when Mr. Fox was declared duly elected, by a clear majority of 486 votes !

— 31. Mr. *Hastings* appeared at the bar of the new Court of *East Indian Judicature*, and swore he had made no more than *two thousand pounds* during his long Government at Bengal !—*Major Scott* told the Cryer, that all the *Court fees* had been *previously paid* !

April 1. Was married, and not before, Sir Cecil *Wr—y*, Bart. to the celebrated Widow *H—b—t*, of St. James's square ; the ceremony was performed by Dr. *Prettyman* :—'ere the wanton stocking was thrown by the playful bride-maids, the happy *Cecil's* poetical genius had contrived, that the following couplet, pinned on her pillow, should meet the amorous eye of the beloved : viz.

" The fair that watch'd the poll for me,

" 'Tis fair that I should poll for she !"

" C. W."

April

April 20. Yesterday, and not before, the election of a *Mayor of Garrat* ended:—Sir Jeffery Dunstan, to the surprize of all Battersea, gave his interest to Lord *Mabon*, whereupon his Lordship was declared duly *elected*, and was chaired by the mob accordingly. Sir Cecil Wray, the opposite candidate, who has miscarried in *every election* in which he has of late been concerned, was so much mortified at the decision, that he fainted away in the arms of a *Chimney Sweeper*; but was at length brought to himself by being three times *ducked* in the river Thames!

May 1. A *Tournament* was held this day in the vale of Arezzo, the birth place of Petrarch, in which a combat took place between Signior Pacchierotti and Signor Savoi; the cause of the quarrel was a contention for the smiles of Signora *Piozzi*, widow of the late Signor Piozzi—after a severe conflict, at least as long as an Italian Opera of *two acts*, victory was declared in favour of *Pacchierotti*, who demanded the hand of the Lady in marriage:—a due performance of all the *rites*, was adhered to by the bride-groom.

“ Her hand he seiz’d, and to a shady bank,

“ Thick over head with verdant roof imbour’d,

“ He led her *nothing loath*!

May

Nay 8. A patent passed the *Privy Seal*, creating Sir *Richard Parrot* a Peer of Great Britain, with the *usual* string of titles, *Earl, Viscount, Baron*, and *duplicate Baron* !—This creation is expected to give great umbrage to the celebrated *Devonshire Rolle*; who has been waiting night and day in the Premier's lobby, with a genealogical schedule, as long as *Cadwallader's*, to prove, that his pretensions to the dignity are at least, *equal* to those of the above named Baronet !

— 14. Yesterday an experiment was made of the Copenhagen mode of punishing criminals, being the first attempt since the Danish system of government has been introduced in England. The *notorious rum Senator* was *cased* in one of his own *contract* punch-ions, and walked by way of *spectacle*, from the India House to St. Jame's palace. The Ordinary of Newgate being indisposed, he was attended by Dr. *Prettyman*, who prayed by him all the way with the utmost fervency.

— 28. Mr. Cumberland's Tragedy of the *Battle of HASTINGS* has had a run against *Major Scott's* farce of the *same name*.—The success is declared in favour of the latter, with a majority of three nights !

June

June 4. The mob who collected round *Alderman Wilkes*, in Moorfields, on Sunday morning last, to hear his sermon, declare he is very little inferior to the noted *black field* Preacher.—It was observable he repeated an entire chapter from the book of Kings, save the 45th verse, which he skipped !

— 15. The 74 *gun ship* which the Earl of Lonsdale has presented to Government, was this day launched at *high* wind, from off a hill in Cumberland. It is the first ship of war that ever was constructed on the *Air Balloon* principle. Cammodore Johnstone was to have had the command of this vessel, had he not differed with the noble Earl. Lord Hood, has, however, recommended a Captain who has practised the mode of managing *puffs* under his Lordship, and of course is qualified for the *airy* expedition.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM ADMIRAL PITT, TO
MR. SQUIRT, SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY,
DATED TREASURY, IN SAFETY BAY, FEB. 13,
1784.

S I R,

THE fleet being in great want of supplies, and from the letters I had received expecting the same daily to arrive, I sailed with the squadron under my command, in hopes of falling in with them, as also to frustrate a design I learnt Count Rupee had formed of intercepting them, and to which end he was cruizing with the whole of his fleet.

Early in the day of the 12th we fell in with our succours, and in the same moment espied from our mast-head the Count bearing down. We immediately prepared for action, covering the transports with the ordnance stores on board with the whole line.

I signified to the officers and men the importance of the contest we were about to engage, by informing them, that did the Count succeed in his attempt of cutting off the supplies, nothing less than the destruction of his Majesty's fleet, and with it the loss
of

of our national consequence and security must follow.

During our preparations for action, the Prince of St. Alban's fleet, under the command of Admiral Grosvenor, appeared in the Offing. Count Rupee's squadron hauled the wind, and lay too, waiting the coming up of the Prince of St. Alban's, who was on board the Admiral's ship.

At five in the afternoon the Prince sent a flag, with a message, signifying, that though he should secure to us the supplies now sent, yet unless his Majesty would give up to him the sovereignty of our seas, and suffer a commander of his nominating to have the direction of the fleet now under my command, he would immediately join Count Rupee against his Majesty's forces. I sent for answer, that I should communicate this message to the Lords of the Admiralty, and would, soon as received, forward him the answer. On which the several fleets returned to their respective stations.

It is not for me to advise on a matter of such importance, but cannot avoid mentioning, that the whole of our crew are ready to support his Utopian Majesty and his people in their inestimable rights and privileges against this formidable alliance. — And though the united fleets may out-number us,
the

the justice of our cause, and the assistance of the Almighty, are sufficient to overthrow any host of foes.

I am, SIR,

Your obedient Servant,

W. PITT.

SHIP NEWS

EXTRAORDINARY.

ON Saturday the 14th of February, 1784, at 1 P.M. the Fox, commanded by *Commodore Blackbeard*, was towed into the *Race of Portland*, in great distress. She had fallen in with the enemy's fleet that morning, and had for some time kept up a smart *running fight*; but an unlucky *Stink-pot*, from one of the enemy's small craft, had raked her *fore* and *aft*, and threw the whole crew into disorder. From that moment the men deserted their quarters, and every thing was in confusion. In this condition it was found necessary to tack about, and proceed for *King's-Arms Creek*, in order to get fresh provisions, and to repair damages; the Fox being at this time extremely *foul* in her *bottom*, and of course going very heavily.

The

The following is an Extract of a Letter from an Officer on board the Fox, giving an Account of the above Transactions.

“ OUR ill success during our late cruise, is
 “ attributed to several causes. In the first place,
 “ though we had our full complement of men,
 “ yet the crews had not received any wages since
 “ the month of December: Add to this, that we
 “ were poorly victualled, and badly supplied with
 “ ordnance stores; notwithstanding which, such
 “ was the rashness and obstinacy of *Commodore Black-*
 “ *beard*, that, contrary to all advice, and without
 “ the smallest prospect of success, he insisted on our
 “ bearing down to engage the enemy’s fleet, because
 “ forsooth he had pledged himself to some of his
 “ bottle companions at a tavern meeting so to do.

“ As soon as we hove in sight, we perceived that
 “ the enemy were before-hand with us, having
 “ taken possession of our *old* anchoring ground,
 “ where they lay in a strong position, safely
 “ moored with springs upon their cables. In this
 “ situation it was impracticable to force them, and
 “ it was soon observed that our fire could make no
 “ impression on the enemy’s line. The Commodore
 “ exerted

“ exerted himself as much as possible ; and I be-
 “ lieve, during the whole action, the SPEAKING
 “ TRUMPET was never out of his hand ; but alas it
 “ was to very little purpose, for so great was the
 “ noise and confusion, that scarce one word could
 “ be heard distinctly. However you will probably
 “ see at full length in the news papers, what was
 “ intended to be spoken ; and people you know should
 “ be judged by their intentions.

“ Our ship is now in such a *filthy condition*, from
 “ the effects of the enemy’s STINK-POTS, that we
 “ are more like a *dung barge* than a man of war ; and
 “ there is such a *devilish* stench on board, that I
 “ suppose we shall be obliged to perform a sort of
 “ quarantine, as if we had come from *Mabon*, or
 “ some port up the Levant, and had the plague
 “ on board.

“ In my private opinion, the Fox (though for-
 “ merly a *prime* sailer) has never steered well since
 “ last spring, when *Commodore Blackbeard* forced him-
 “ self into the command of the combined fleets.—
 “ On that occasion he went to the King’s Yard,
 “ and of his own authority, without any leave from
 “ the Admiralty, ordered the ship to be taken into
 “ dock and *raised* ; as also to have an intire set of
 “ new sails.—After this, when the ship came out of
 “ dock, she was found to be so *crank*, so high in the
 “ water,

" water, so loaded with her upper works, and to
 " spread such a deal of canvas, that the most ex-
 " perienced mariners cautioned the Commodore
 " against going to sea in her, and as he must be in
 " imminent danger of foundering or *oversetting*. Com-
 " modore Blackbeard, however, paid so little re-
 " gard to the advice of his *prudent friends*, that he
 " swore by G—d he would undertake (without
 " shifting a sail, or cracking a rope) to conduct her
 " safe to the EAST INDIES.—Adieu, my dear friend,
 " God send us peace! for we are not likely to gain
 " any thing by war.—Pray offer my best respects to
 " our good friends at the *St. Albans*."

A [POLITICAL RECEIPT-BOOK FOR THE YEAR 1784.

HOW TO MAKE A PREMIER.

TAKE a man with a great quantity of that sort of
 words which produces the greatest effect upon the
many, and the least upon the *few*: mix them with a
 large proportion of affected candour and ingenuou-
 ness, introduced in a haughty and contemptuous
 manner. Let there be a great abundance of falshood
 concealed under an apparent disinterestedness and
 integrity; and the two last be the most professed,
 when

when the former is most practised. Let his engagements and declarations, however solemnly made, be broken and disregarded, if he thinks he can procure afterwards a popular indemnity for illegality and deceit. He must subscribe to the doctrine of passive obedience, and to the exercise of patronage, independent of his approbation; and be careless of creating the most formidable enemies, if he can gratify the personal revenge and hatred of those who employ him, even at the expence of public ruin and general confusion.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF STATE.

TAKE a man in a violent passion, or a man that never had been in one; but the first is the best. Let him be concerned in making an ignominious peace, the articles of which he could not comprehend, nor cannot explain. Let him speak loud, but yet never to be heard; and to be the kind of man for a Secretary of State, when nobody else will accept of it.

HOW TO MAKE A PRESIDENT.

TAKE a man who all his life loved office, merely for its emoluments; and when measures, which he had approved, were eventually unfortunate, let him be notorious for relinquishing his share of the responsibility of them, and be stigmatized for political

tical courage in the period of prosperity and cowardice, when there exists but the appearance of danger.

HOW TO MAKE A CHANCELLOR.

TAKE a man of great abilities, with a heart as black as his countenance. Let him possess a rough inflexibility, without the least tincture of generosity or affection, and be as manly as oaths and ill manners can make him. He should be a man who will act politically with all parties, hating and deriding every one of the individuals which compose them.

HOW TO MAKE A MASTER OF THE ORDNANCE.

TAKE a man of a busy meddling turn of mind, with just as much parts as will make him troublesome, but never respectable. Let him be so perfectly callous to a sense of personal honour, and to the distinction of public fame, as to be marked for the valour of insulting where it cannot be revenged;* and if a case should arise, where he attempts to injure reputation, because it is *dignified* and *absent*, he should possess *discretion* enough to *apologise*, and to *recant* afterwards, if it is *dictated* to him to do so, notwithstanding any previous declared resolutions to the contrary. Such a man will be found to be the most fit for servitude, in times of disgrace and degradation.

* "What care I for the K——'s Birth-day?"

HOW

HOW TO MAKE A TREASURER OF THE NAVY.

TAKE a man composed of most of the ingredients necessary to enable him to attack and defend the very same principles in politics, or any party or parties concerned in them, at all times, and upon all occasions. Mix with these ingredients a very large quantity of the root of interest, so that the juice of it may be always sweet and uppermost. Let him be one who avows a pride in being so necessary an instrument for every political measure, as to be able to extort those honours and emoluments from the *weakness* of a Government, which he had been deliberately *refused*, at a time when it would have been honourable to have obtained them.

HOW TO MAKE A LORD OF THE TREASURY.

TAKE the most stupid man you can find, but who can make his signature, and from ignorance in every thing, will never contradict you in any thing: he should not have a brother in the church, for if he has, he will most probably abandon or betray you. Or, take a man of fashion, with any sort of celebrity; if he has accustomed himself to arguments, though the dullness can only be measured by the length of them, he will serve to speak *against* time, with a certainty, in that case, of never being answered.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

TAKE a pleading *Country Attorney*, without passions, and without parts. Let him be one who will seize the first opportunity of renouncing his connections with the first man who draws him out of obscurity, and serves him.—If he has no affections or friendships, so much the better; he will be the more ready to contribute to his own advantage. He should be of a temper so pliable, and a perseverance so inflexible, as to lead his master into troubles, difficulties, and ruin, when he thinks he is labouring to overcome them. Let him be a man who has cunning enough, at the same time, to prey upon, and deceive frankness and confidence, and who, when he can no longer avail himself of both, will sacrifice even his character in the cause of treachery, and prefer the interests resulting from it to the virtuous distinctions of honour and gratitude.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY AT WAR.

TAKE a man that will *take any thing*. Let him possess all the negative virtues of being able to do no harm, but at the same time can do no good; for they are qualifications of a courtly nature, and may in time recommend him to a situation something worse, or something better.

NOW

HOW TO MAKE AN ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

TAKE a little ugly man, with an *Eye* to his preferment.—It is not requisite he should be much of a Lawyer, provided he is a tolerable Politician; but in order to qualify himself for an *English Judge*, he should first be a *Welsh one*. He must have docility sufficient to do any thing, and if a period should arrive when Power has popularity enough to make rules and laws for the evident purpose of gratifying malignity, he should be one who will be ready to advise, or consent to the creation of new cases, and be able to defend new remedies for them, though they militate against every principle of reason, equity, and justice.

N. B. The greatest part of this receipt would make a *Master of the Rolls*.

HOW TO MAKE A WARDROBE-KEEPER, OR PRIVY-PURSE.

TAKE the most supercilious fool in the nation, and let him be in confidence in proportion to his ignorance.

HOW TO MAKE A SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE.

TAKE a Captain in the Navy, as being most acquainted with the *Army*; he should have been a few
 E 3 years

years at sea, in order to qualify him for the direction and management of works *ashore*; and let him be one who will sacrifice his connections with as much ease as he would renounce his profession.

HOW TO MAKE A PEER.

TAKE a man with, or without parts, of an ancient or a new family, with one or with two boroughs at his command, previous to a dissolution.—Let him renounce all former professions and obligations, and engage to bring in your friends, and to support you himself.—Or,

Take the *Country Gentleman* who the least expects it, and particularly let the honour be conferred when he has done nothing to deserve it.

HOW TO MAKE SECRET INFLUENCE.

TAKE a tall ill-looking man, with more vanity, and less reason for it, than any person in Europe.—He should be one who does not possess a single consolatory private virtue, under a general public detestation. His pride and avarice should increase with his prosperity, whilst they lead him to neglect and despise the natural claims of indigence in his own family. If such a man can be found, he will easily be made the instigator as well as the instrument of a cabal which has the courage to do mischief, and the cowardice

ardice of not being responsible for it; convinced that he can never obtain any other importance than that to be derived from the execution of purposes evidently pursued for the establishment of tyranny upon the wreck of public ruin.

LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PEARSON having been at the trouble to have the Lobby furnished up for *anti-debates*, most of the Members, whose harangues are *too learned* to be understood within the House, and who therefore adjourn to explain to each other what they could not otherwise make comprehensible, have determined on fitting up a little Library of select Compositions. Such of them who have a genius for the *Belles Lettres*, mean to present their own works in *manuscript*: and as all men have not a *literary* turn, those who are distinguished by their eminence in *painting*, will contribute their aid in decorating the Lobby, according to that particular *forte*!

The following is a SCHEDULE of a Part of the PAINT-

INGS, &c. in Question.

A View of the Cave of Famine; a *lean ghastly figure* placed as a centinel at the entrance.—Motto from *Churchill*, by Mr. Macdonald.

Judas Iscariot in the act of *betraying*.—A sketch in charcoal.

Mr. John Robinson.

St. Dunstan relating his interview with the Devil.
—A copy.

Sir R. Hill.

Two Dutch Gamblers quarrelling at *All Fours*.—
After the manner of *Teniers*.

Hon. K—b S—t.

A Sadler's-Wells Rope-dancer, balancing an *empty*
pitcher on his chin.

Lord H—b—n—b—ke.

The Polish Dwarf speaking through a trumpet,
with an intention to pass for the *Irish Giant*.

Capt. J. L—l.

A Miser cutting up a *Naval Flag*, and converting
it into *Money Bags*.

Sir Thomas Frankland.

MANUSCRIPTS.

My own private Memoirs, interspersed with several *witty* sayings of mine.—Together with the story of the Dutchman and Owl, which occasioned Wilberforce to laugh, and spit the hot soup in Jenkinson's face. Also my intrigues in the Opera-House gallery.

By Mr. Villiers.

A Word

A Word to the *Cabinet Council*; with the parable of the *Wise Men* of Gotham. Also the Secret History of Sir Robert Walpole's Buckskin Breeches-maker; with Anecdotes of my own *Wasberawoman*, and other *important* matters. To which will be added, the Story of the *Cat* and the *Bull*; and the Art of making *Toddy*.

Lord Nugent.

A Supplement to Lord Chesterfield's Hints on *Politeness*. Also *marginal* Notes to the Complete Farrier; and Instructions how to manage a Kennel of Hounds.

Sir G. P. Turner.

Rules by which a Man may raise himself and Family to *Grandeur*; differing in essentials from the other work with this title.

Lord Viscount N-v-llc.

A Parallel between a British Senator and a Chinese King: in which the management of *bogs* will be opposed to the art of *plowing*; a ceremony which some Eastern Sovereigns are obliged to go through, before they can be admitted to govern. To which will be added, *sceptical doubts*, whether *grunting* has not always been found useful in *oratory*.

Sir Joseph Mawbey.

DRAWINGS.

A Representation of *Jack the Painter* setting fire to Portsmouth Dock-yard. The *Watchman* asleep. *Lord Hood*.

An action between two Dutch fishing boats, and a King's frigate, in thick fog; which may be mistaken for the smoke of guns; and the boats consequently, for ships of war.—This piece is highly prized.

Captain Macb—e.

My own portrait. The spectators are desired not to tear away the writing under it; as several persons may else fancy it is meant for: either the Gog, or Magog, of Guildhall.

Sir Watkin Lewes.

A Greek father baptising an Hebrew in the river Jordan.

Sir Samson Gideon.

The popular *Pinetti*, stripping the shirt off the back of an Englishman, and leaving him naked.

Mr. Pitt.

MANU.

MANUSCRIPTS.

AN account of a *Soldier* who was seized with a *lock-jaw*, and had a *pension* in consequence granted to him. With several remarkable feats which this extraordinary person performed, not in the "Tented Field," but near Palace-yard, where he long underwent *drill*, by command of his superior Officer, Lord *Shelburne*.

Col. *Barre*.

A Treatise on *grave aspects*; with the means I used to *look wise* when I saw *Pitt* the morning after I came into office; on which he told me, that it was a shame I ever should have been called "*Pogy*" by my school-fellows at *Eton*.—Also a relation of the *apprehensions* I was under, the three first official interviews I had with *Mulgrave*: and the tormenting sensations I felt, on his detecting me in the anti-room, standing upon a chair before a *looking-glass*!

Mr. *W. W. Granville*.

A serious discourse on the folly of *principle*; in which is proved, that *servility* and *accomodation*, are more necessary to the welfare of a state, than *shining abilities*, and a *disinterested* mind. A beautiful engraving, of my own head, is inserted in this work.

J. Robinson.

Poetical Effusions, consisting of an Epigram on a Poached Egg. A Sonnet, upon Lady Wray, taking Rowley's Herb Snuff. The celebrated *Eulogium* on hard Dumplings, for which I had the prize, when I went to school in Yorkshire: with marginal notes, written to render it *comprehensible* to Sir Watkin Lewes, to whom it is addressed. The *Acrostic* on the Bear, which Lord Percy sent from America to Northumberland House, is included; with several other ingenious compositions, too tedious to mention.

Sir Cecil Wray.

N. B. Pearson will not suffer this last work to have a place with the other productions, till the writer's pretensions for sending it are better founded: it is therefore, for the present, deposited in the great-coat closet.

THE FOLLOWING SQUIB WAS HANDED ABOUT DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD SHELBURNE, WHEN HE WAS NEGOTIATING THE PEACE.

A WELL DREST MINISTER IS A NATIONAL BENEFIT.

IT was remarked that the Premier wore a suit on the birth day, supposed to have been sent him from Paris by Fitzherbert and Oswald, of a mixed colour, orange and blue, which so changed, that viewing it in one light, it appeared *orange*, in another quite *blue*; and his Lordship so contrived it, that by shuffling about and bowing, he made those whom he pleased should think so, it was either the one colour or the other.

"It is *orange*, by the Lhard," exclaims the Lord Advocate, as he stood on the Earl's left hand.

"Pardon me", says the Commander in Chief, "it is *true blue*; you don't observe it, my Lord, in the light that I do." The General stood rather concealed behind the Premier, and leaning neither to the one side nor the other.

"Be it so," replied the Lord Advocate—"orange or blue, it is all one to me."

"It

“ It is perfectly immaterial, indeed,” says the Commander in Chief; “ there is only a slight *shade* of difference.”

This was not the only dispute in the drawing-room on the colour of the Premier's coat. With his usual address, he kept up the whole day his *blue* grins, and his *orange* grins, playing them off with great success from his masked battery, according as he directed his attack on Whigs or Tories, Courtiers or Country Gentlemen.

Bouquets were in fashion on the birth-day. The Premier is always well dressed. His bosom was open, as it always is, and he wore a small *branch*, or rather a *sprig* of *manufactured olive*; the season is an excuse for counterfeits; it was ingeniously made by Carberry, and so resembled nature as to deceive a set of bulls and bears who stood gaping behind.—“ *Olive!* by heavens it is *genuine olive!*” exclaimed the leader of the troop, a Bull.

“ 'Tis tiffany,” says a Bear, “ rank tiffany “gummed.”

“ I say it is peace,” says the Bull—mark how the noble Lord smiles on the Dutchy of Lancaster.

Now the Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster was on his Lordship's right-hand, and the manager of the Bill of reform on his left, so that he looked like Janus with the double-face; on the one hand
here

here was a proof of his willingness to reward his friends; in the other there was a scourge for his enemies, peace or war—in *utrumque paratus*. But whether it was peace or war, it was not easy to determine; for the smiles of the peace-side, and the frowns on the war-side were so equally distributed! that the bulls and bears knew not what to do; but as the Minister was well dressed, and wore an olive branch, fictitious or natural, the bulls got the better of the bears, and the funds rose two *per cent*.

Such is the benefit of wearing a changing-coloured coat, trimmed with olive.

POLITICAL QUADRILLE;

OR, THE NATIONAL CARD-PLAYERS.

AMERICA.

I Believe I shall *play alone*; no, *I will call a King*. I can't lose the *game*; I have *three matadores* in my *band*.

KING OF FRANCE.

You did well to call me, for I am *strong* in every *suit*; besides, I know how to *finesse the cards*, and value myself upon playing *all the game*.

[HOLLAND;

HOLLAND.

I wish I had not played that *double game*; I have not got a *Trump* now, yet I *buffed* well. Oh, I am a *beast*! I wish I had not been *forced to play*; I shall lose all my *fish*.

KING OF SPAIN.

What did you call me for? I shan't get a *trick*. You know how the *last game* went with me.

IRELAND.

I *ask leave*. Do you *give me*? I shall *play alone*, if you *force me*.

SCOTLAND.

I *itch* to play, but I have *no King*.

KING OF ———.

I never have *luck*, when the *curse of Scotland* is in my *band*; but in the first *deal* of this *pool* I have made some errors; yet come, the *pool's* not gone, let's have a *new pack*; I'll try what *they* will do.—Aye, this is something like; I have a *strong suit* now, without a *knave among them*.

KING.

KING OF PRUSSIA.

Am I *oldest*? Oh! I *pass*.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

I have only a *Queen* in my *band*, so I will *pass* too;
or, if nobody chuses to *take my cards*, I'll play any
gentleman at *put*, or you, *Mynheer*, at *Dutch rubbers*.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Some advise me to *play*, others to let it alone.
What shall I do? I'll e'en stand by 'till I see *time* *o*
cut in; but I will first play with the *Pope* a game at
cribbage, and try if I can *lurch* him.

THE POPE.

I onto talks.

A POE.

A P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E

TO THE REV. DR. ROBERTSON, OCCASIONED BY
HIS HISTORY OF AMERICA.

[THE author of the following verses states a comparison between the elegant Historian to whom they are addressed and Livy. Both writers are distinguished by the music of their periods, and their skill in pathetic description. The Roman historian is also eminent for his attachment to the cause of liberty. Nor is there any reason to apprehend, from the writings of the English historian, that his principles are opposite. Yet the history he has promised of British America, is, in this respect, become exceedingly critical. Therefore the author of the following epistle, anxious for the fame of a writer whom he respects, and for a cause which he thinks equitable, hopes he has not transgressed against propriety, in hazarding what has the appearance of an admonition. The verses were written some time ago, and are now offered to the public with the greatest deference.]

SOFT as the gentle dews of even
Descending from the gate of heaven,
Commission'd timely to dispense
On earth, their healing influence,

Reviving

Reviving many a pensive flower
 That suffer'd by the noon-tide hour:
 Like dews or soft descending snows
 Thy tuneful elocution flows.—
 What words of power, what lucky spell
 Could make the Muse impart her shell
 And yield thee that immortal lore
 She to the Paduan dealt of yore* ;
 Yield to thy hands the golden key
 That opes the fount of melody?

Nor only thine the tuneful art
 Thine too the power to melt the heart.—
 Yet, teacher of the times to come,
 Why would'st thou mitigate the doom
 Or veil th' indeliable disgrace,
 The portion of that lawless race,
 Iberia's unrelenting brood,
 Who drench'd their fangs in Indian blood?

Ye natives of the western wild
 Where nature with indulgence smil'd,

* *She to the Paduan dealt of yore ;*]—Livy was born at Padua ;
 was highly esteem'd by Augustus, and was appointed by his re-
 commendation tutor to Claudius. He wrote his history during his
 residence at Rome.

By Oronoko's rapid streams,
 Or where the Orellano gleams
 Far seen, from Andes' lofty brow
 In many a wilderness below ;
 Or ye who pac'd the Cuban shores,
 And where the chaff'd Atlantic roars
 'Mid Carribæan Isles; to you
 I give my tears: a tribute due;
 Due for your griefs—and the disgrace
 Incurr'd by our rapacious race.

Blameless amid Elyfian climes,
 Remote from Europe and her crimes
 Peaceful ye liv'd; till from afar
 The Minister of impious war,
 By av'ice prompted, swollen with pride
 The Iberian plow'd the western tide.

Ah me! what prodigies foretold
 A period to your age of gold!
 What awful indications rose
 Prophetic of approaching woes!
 Fearful ye saw the mountain quake,
 Saw the foreboding islands shake,
 Pale inauspicious suns arise,
 Direful eclipses veil your skies,
 Your skies exhibit fields of blood,
 While voices from the roaring flood,

With

With rumours, signs, and visions drear,
Warn'd you of desolation near.

No more beneath the citron grove
Warbling the melodies of love,
Will ye in blameless pastime gay
Enjoy your inoffensive day.
The fable hours are on the wing;
Soon will your vallies cease to sing;
Soon will the voice of weeping rise,
And imprecation rend the skies.

The Spoilers come ! Will ye receive
Them kindly ? And their need relieve ?
Ah me ! in other guise will they
Your hospitable aid repay.
O foul of manners ! foul of heart !
Ne'er will th' inhuman crew depart,
Ne'er till they spoil the peaceful shade ;
Bare, unprovok'd, the deadly blade ;
With carnage heap the reeking shore
And steep their hands in Indian gore.—
No ! never can repenting Spain
Palliate her crime ; efface the stain
Contracted by the blood she spilt ;
Or expiate her enormous guilt.

Nor yet invidious will the Muse
The guerdon of renown refuse

Purchas'd

Purchas'd by merit: but with joy
 Would every tuneful note employ
 One Spaniard to redeem, and name
 Las Casas genuine heir of fame.
 Full many a faintly tear he shed
 While the poor captive Indian bled.
 Anxious to save the placid race
 And shield Iberia from disgrace,
 He strove with many a gentle art
 To mitigate the rigid heart—
 Alas! th' insatiate love of gain
 Had fear'd the rigid heart of Spain.

Thou who shalt speak to future times,
 Abhorrent of inhuman crimes,
 Wipe from thy page, one stain, the same
 To men of execrable name
 Given rashly; and with censure due,
 Condemn that foul flagitious crew
 By whom no gen'rous tear was shed!
 By whom th' unpitied Indian bled.

Historian of surpassing skill
 To guide our feelings by thy will,
 There a more arduous task abides
 To paint the tempests and the tides
 Of faction; and the mutual rage
 Of brethren that fierce conflict wage. —

And

And can Britannia's sons, possess'd
 With frenzy, stab a brother's breast?
 With unbecoming stupor gaze,
 Nor grieve while kindred cities blaze?
 Their hands in bloody carnage steep
 While widows mourn and orphans weep?
 Or why, indeliable disgrace!
 Will they provoke the savage race?
 Their brethren wantonly expose
 The prey of unrelenting foes;
 Nor feel one soft emotion rise
 While shrieks and wailings pierce the skies?

Ah! who is she of hellish brood?
 I see her garments dropping blood;
 With livid fire her eye-balls glare,
 A serpent hisses in her hair;
 Behold her reeking dagger gleams;
 Earth trembles as the fury screams!
 Fierce Civil Rage avaunt! too well
 We know thee, progeny of hell.

Why would not Britain gently bind
 In cords of love the willing mind?
 Reclaiming with indulgence mild,
 If trespassing, the recreant child;
 Proud of her offspring, and their zeal
 For freedom and a public weal!

And

If

If bold in active virtue, they
 Enjoy the vivifying ray
 That holy liberty imparts,
 And feel her spirit in their hearts,
 Powerful their birth-right to defend,
 Why should they even to Britain bend?
 Because their fathers boldly dar'd
 Encounter unknown perils, bar'd
 Their bosom to the stormy blast,
 Plow'd undismay'd the billowy waste,
 And scorn'd the rage of winds and waves,
 Were they to be accounted slaves?
 Because the howling desert wild
 By them like blooming Eden smil'd,
 And dreary wastes, where serpents lay
 Sequester'd from the eye of day,
 By them the yellow harvest bore,
 And culture's lovely raiment wore,
 Where many a thriving city rose,
 Were they to be accounted foes?

As thou would'st prize immortal fame
 Be careful of their growing name;
 Else will the Muse lament—for dear
 Is freedom to the Muse—that e'er
 She fed thee with ambrosial showers,
 Receiv'd thee in her blissful bowers,

And

And gave thee of the blooms that blow
 Where Aganippe's fountains flow :
 Or may with rigorous command
 Reclaim from thy reluctant hand,
 Her gift misus'd, the golden key
 That opes the fount of melody.

The time will come, prophetic Muse!
 If right I scan thy radiant hues,
 When justice and the arts shall reign
 In climes beyond th' Atlantic main ;
 There freedom shall abide, and truth
 Shall flourish in immortal youth.
 No Gothic Lord, no despot there
 To forge the galling fetter dare ;
 But thence deliv'ers of mankind,
 To heal their wounds, their chains unbind,
 Heroes shall issue, and cast down
 Despots and sceptres of renown.

Thou who shall speak to future times
 Forgive the boldness of my rhymes,
 Anxious, in every glorious line
 To link the Paduan's fame with thine,
 Like his thy elocution flows
 Gentle as soft descending snows :
 Like him, thou hast the winning art
 To captivate and melt the heart :

F

And

And O ! like him, defend the cause
 Of freedom and her righteous laws.
 For he, even when Octavius rul'd,
 In virtue's lore maturely school'd,
 Spake the bold language of the free,
 Proud of his Patavinity *.
 Nor could Octavius scorn the page †
 Instructive of a recreant age ;

* *Proud of his Patavinity.*]—Livy was charged with *patavinity* by the critics of his own time. It is somewhat singular, however, that they have given us no distinct explanation of the term. This obscurity has occasioned many disputes among later critics. As Livy was born at Padua, and not at Rome, some writers have apprehended, that the charge of *patavinity* related to his use of provincial phrases, and forms of speech unusual among other elegant authors.—Other critics again have maintained, and among them are persons of considerable name, that the term *patavinity* related to Livy's political principles. The city of Padua was warmly attached to the side of freedom ; and consequently embraced the interests of Pompey. Livy, educated in these sentiments, expressed them in his works. Those who paid court to the Cæsars considered this, it is said, as a blemish ; and accounting for these prepossessions of the historian by his habits of thinking contracted in his native city, they termed their charge *patavinity*.

† *Nor could Octavius scorn the page.*]—It appears from Tacitus, that Livy had so highly extolled the character of Pompey, in that part of his history which is now lost, that Augustus, when he read it, called him a Pompeian. “ Titus Livius eloquentiæ et fidei præclarus in primis Cn. Pompeium tantis laudibus tulit, ut Pompeianum Augustus eum appellaret ; neque id amicitia eorum offendi.”

ANNAL. L. IV. cap. 34.

Nor

Nor griev'd to hear him boldly praise
The principles of former days;
To hear him with persuasive art
The priv'ledges of men assert.

AN EPISTLE TO DELIA.

BY J. GEORGE.

WHY, my Delia, will you languish?
Ne'er inconstant are my cares;
Gain your peace, dispel your anguish,
Faithful are my friendly pray'rs.

Brighter blessings still await you,
Soft emotions gain apace;
Sympathy does serve to heighten
Ev'ry charm in Delia's face.

See, the heavy cloud disperses,
To compose the gentle mind!
Zephyr, blow your fanning breezes,
Tell me—tell me—Delia's kind!

What shall I give thee, dear informer,
Whisp'ring gently passing by?
Love shall dip thy wings for ever
In the plumage of the sky.

Hark! I heard the pleasing music
 Of my fair one's voice so sweet!
 Hither come with smiles pathetic,
 Gentle Delia, 'tis a treat!

See! the mossy lawn she trips o'er,
 Passing tender as her looks!
 Down yon love-trod path I'll follow,
 Welcome to the shades and brooks!

Now the Spring is fast approaching,
 On my fair one's arm I'll rest;
 In this season Love's a blessing,
 And gay Flora sweetly drest.

Summer next, with livelier blushes,
 Paints the hawthorn all in bloom;
 Livelier yet, the virt'ous flushes
 Crowns my Delia with a plume.

Autumn strips the verdant foliage
 From the smooth and knotty tree;
 Still new scenes of love (sweet language!)
 Flows with sweet variety.

Winter, tho' a dreary season,
 Fading deep, with gloomy cast;
 More blest am still each welcome season,
 His much happier than the last.

ODE TO SUN-RISING.

BY THE SAME.

O'ER yonder eastern cliff the sun peeps forth,
 All Nature's verdure shoots, and dew drops in the
 earth.

He warms the genial morn with rays more bright,
 Behold the vallies spread with sweet vi'let;
 And yellow hills, that court the human eye,
 Discovers more than human heart can vie.

The dazzling bright now opens ev'ry eye,
 And spreads and smiles, as thus she mounts the sky;
 The orient sky's no more in dusky hue,
 But forms a scene which Nature paints a-new;
 And early lark, now mounting from below,
 Joins the shepherd's pipe on mountain's brow.

And see, yon streaming fields with blooming May,
 Delightful prospects of a brighter day!
 The shades and brighter fields by turns all smile,
 To view the mounting sun, each shade a mile.
 Aspiring high, he still ascends more bright,
 With liveliest colours streaming wings his flight.

And see, the glory of a youthful age!
 How soon it mounts upon its highest stage,
 Armed with Nature's brightest gifts—and then
 To Nature pays the tribute back again:
 So like in manners do we shape our course,
 Rising thus till noon, at night the vaunted hearse.

LINES EXTEMPORE,

TO DELIA, WITH AN INDIAN ARROW.

BY THE SAME.

MUCH Indians boast of thy intrinsic worth,
 And Cupid wears thee, to denote his birth;
 Thy Delia needs thee not, (nor Britain's isle,
 Her Venus's turn Cupids, nor want the stile.)
 O foolish toy! from *bow* thou swiftly flies,
 Yet not so piercing as thy Delia's eyes!
 With gentle caution tend thy mistress kind,
 Be *thou* her *beau*, and she'll the *arrow* find.

TO ISABELLA.

BY THE SAME.

DOES Isabella now forget a time,
 When Love, like Virtue, cherish'd ev'ry crime?
 Remember first, when in the garden walk,
 Such urging language was the Sunday talk,
 Methought each mutual heart seem'd well to please,
 And strong affections gain'd with simple ease?
 My parting words might well convince you too,
 I fought no other maid, nor wish'd but you;
 Did you not join, and with a cruel kiss,
 Seal all my hopes with expectated bliss?

When first I saw you next, what raptures rose,
 To see you in a dance my partner chose!
 Our mutual flame the gazing crowd soon knew,
 And envied me those charms I did pursue;
 Such charms indeed the Cynthian Queen had none,
 When you your simplest graces did put on.
 No need the cestus fash your waste to grace,
 No need the painting of a play-house face;
 No need th' assistance of a toilette hour,
 No need, but simple grow, O lovely flow'r!

STANZAS TO CLEORA.

BY THE SAME.

ADIEU, my charming maid! farewell,
Sweet N—— P——! adieu;
Thy motley groves and mossy cell,
My Cleora wanders through.

Protect her steps where'er she goes,
If aught there should infest;
The spreading elms where Zephyr blows,
Let fan my Cleora's breast.

No more, dear *Celder, thy clear streams,
That gently passes by,
No more shall catch the sunny beams
Of Cleora's matchless eye.

No more my penfive soul can hide
Those joys which Love invites;
No more I'll watch the midnight tide,
Nor hear my Cleora's sighs.

But seek a timely refuge, where
Suspicion prompts no tongue;
There live to Love, to Hope, and Fear,
The Muse's pleasing song.

* The river Celder.

A PA.

A P A R O D Y

ON "BLEST AS TH' IMMORTAL GODS IS HE,"

BY THE HON. HENRY ERSKINE.

DRUNK as a dragon fure is he,
The youth that dines or sups with thee;
And sees and hears thee, full of fun,
Loudly laugh, and quaintly pun.

'Twas this first made me love my dose,
And rais'd such pimples on my nose;
For while I fill'd to every toast,
My health was gone, my senses lost.

I found the claret and champagne
Inflame my blood, and mad my brain;
The toast fell fault'ring from my tongue,
I hardly heard the catch I sung.

I felt my gorge and sickness rise;
The candles danc'd before my eyes:
My sight grew dim, the room turn'd round,
I tumbled senseless on the ground!

F. 5

LORD

LORD G——'s DIARY.

LORD *Melcombe's Diary* has become so universal a theme of polite criticism, that it seems many of our *young courtiers* intend to follow the example, by keeping a register of such parts of their conduct as they think most *worthy* of being transmitted to posterity. The following specimen of this new mode of *Miscellaneous Memoir*, though well known in the fashionable world, may perhaps be new to our country correspondents.

LORD G——'s DIARY, DURING THE FIRST WEEK
OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

May 20. WENT down to the House—sworn in—odd faces—asked Pearson who the new people were—he seemed cross at my asking him, and did not know—I took occasion to inspect the water-closets.

N. B. To tell Rose, that I found three cocks out of repair—did n't know what to do—left my name at the *Duke of Queensberry's*—dined at *White's*—the pease tough—Lord *Apsley* thought they ought to be boiled in steam—*Villiers* very warm in favour of *hot water*—*Pitt* for the new mode

mode—and much talk of *taking the sense* of the club—but happily I prevented matters going to extremity.

May 21. Bought a tooth-pick case, and attended the Treasury Board—nothing at the House but swearing—rode to *Wilberforce's* at Wimbledon—*Pitt*, *Thurlow*, and *Dundas*, *water-sucky*—we all wondered why perch have such large mouths, and *Wilberforce* said they were like *Mulgrave's*—red champagne rather ropy—away at eight—*Thurlow's* horse started at a wind-mill—he off—N. B. To bring in an Act to encourage water-mills—*Thurlow* home in a dilly—we after his horse—children crying, *Fox for ever!*—*Dundas* stretching to whip them—he off too.

22. Sick all day—lay a-bed—*Villiers* bored me.

23. *Hyde-Park*—*Pitt*—*Hamilton*, &c.—Most of us agreed it was right to bow to Lord *Delaval*—*Pitt* won't to any one, except the new *Peers*—dined at *Pitt's*—*Pitt's* soup never salt enough—Why must *Prettyman* dine with us?—*Pitt* says, to-day he will not support Sir *Cecil Wray*—*Thurlow* wanted to give the old toast—*Pitt* grave—probably this is the reason for letting *Prettyman* stay.

24. House—Westminster Election—we settled to always make a noise when *Burke* gets up—we ballotted among ourselves for a *sleeping Committee* in the Gallery—*Steele* always to call us when *Pitt* speaks—Lord *Delaval* our dear friend!—*Private* message from *St. James's* to *Pitt*—He at last agreed to support Sir *Cecil*.

25. *Banks* won't vote with us against *Greenville's* Bill—English obstinacy—the *Duke of Richmond* teazes us—nonsense about consistency—what right has *he* to talk of *it*?—but must not say so. *Dundas* thinks worse of the Westminster business than—but too hearty to indulge absurd scruples.

26. Court—*King* in high spirits, and attentive rather to the Duke of *Grafton*—*Queen* more so to Lord *Camden*—puzzles us all—So it is possible the *Duke of Richmond* will consent to leave the *Cabinet*?—Dinner at *Dundas's*—too many things awkwardly served.—Joke about *Rose's* thick legs, like *Robinson's*, in flannel.

S T A T E - P A P E R,

PICKED UP AT THE DOOR OF WESTMINSTER-
 ABBEY ON SUNDAY LAST, AND SUPPOSED TO
 HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTALLY DROPPED FROM
 THE SERMON-CASE OF THE REV. DR. PRETTY-
 M—N.

HINTS TO OUR EDITORS.

1. TO write down every idea of a *Parliamentary Reform*; but representing Mr. Pitt at the same time determined to support that measure as a *man* and a *Minister*!

2. To be cautious of saying any thing in favour of the once sacred mode of *Trial by Jury*!

3. To offer up daily incense at the *too variable* shrine of his Grace the *Duke of Richmond*.

4. To prepare the way for the *Marquis of Lansdown's* return to the Cabinet, by strewing it with the most grateful flowers of paragraphical panegyric.

5. To continue the well-rung changes on the *odious!—infamous!—execrable!—infernal!—and most d-mn-ble COALITION!*

6. To accuse *Charles* of every possible crime under heaven; and to strip *Lord North* of every private virtue he may possess!

7. Never

7. Never to lose sight of the ear-tickling epithets *amiable!—enlightened!—most excellent!—admirable!—intelligent!—all-worthy!—Heaven-inspired! &c. &c.* when you have occasion to mention our *unbacknied Chancellor of the Exchequer!*

8. Take a run at *Lord Howe*, for not shewing a disposition to resign the Admiralty in favour of the new *Marquis of Bucks!*

9. Studiously avoid using the word *Commutation*, and speak of *windows* as seldom as possible!

10. Give the *India Directors* an occasional *dry dressing*, reminding them, that they have no authority yet from *Governor Hastings* to lord it over the King's Minister!

11. Remind the *little swaggering Major*—but as *delicately* as you can—that the *Agent* has no right to usurp the *dictatorial* consequence of his *puissant Principal!*

For fear it should be indispensably necessary, after all, to offer *Charles* a responsible post in Administration, prepare him for the overture, by hinting, that a man of such talents must always be acceptable, provided he will condescend to shake off his *beggarly connections!*

STATE OF POOR OLD ENGLAND,

AT THE END OF THE YEAR 1784.

<i>PUBLIC Spirit,</i>	-	Reviving.
<i>The People,</i>	- -	Still oppressed.
<i>Manufactures,</i>	- -	Drooping.
<i>Poverty,</i>	- - -	Universal.
<i>The Constitution,</i>	-	Much impaired.
<i>The C—,</i>	- -	Every way contemptible.
<i>The Bench of Bishops,</i>		Fat and lazy.
<i>The Bar,</i>	- -	Rapidly declining.
<i>Women,</i>	- -	{ Flocking to the standard of infidelity.
<i>Men,</i>	- -	{ Daily disgracing human nature.
<i>The Ministry,</i>	- -	{ Trying once more to <i>burn</i> the nation.
<i>The Westminster Scrutiny,</i>		{ Voted infamous by all par- ties.
<i>The Whigs,</i>	- -	{ Maintaining a just cause, and good spirits.
<i>The Tories,</i>	- -	Dismayed.
<i>The K—,</i>	- -	With <i>one</i> eye just opened.
<i>The Queen's Picture,</i>		{ Set in brilliants by Mrs. Hastings.

[The following SCRAP was picked up near the door of the
YOUNG MAN, in June 1784.]

HINTS FROM MR. PRETTYMAN THE COMMIS,
TO THE PREMIER'S PORTER.

TO admit Mr. *Wilberforce*, although Mr. *P*— should be even engaged with the Southwark agents, fabricating means to defeat Sir *R. Hotham*—*Wilbe* must have two bows!—*Atkinson* to be shewn into the anti-chamber—he will find amusement in reading *Lazarillo de Tormes*, or the *Complete Rogue*—If Lord *Apsey* and Mr. *Perceval* call from the Admiralty, they may be ushered into the room where the large looking-glasses are fixed,—in that case they will not regret waiting.—Don't let Lord *Mabon* be detained an instant at the door, the pregnant young lady opposite, having been sufficiently frightened already!—*Jack Robinson* to be shewn into the study, as the private papers were all removed this morning.—Let Lord *Lonsdale* have my Lord! and your Lordship! repeated in his ear as often as possible;—the apartment hung with garter blue is proper for his reception!—The other new Peers to be greeted only plain Sir! that they may remember their late ignobility, and feel new gratitude to the benefactor of honours!—you may, as if upon recollection, address some of the last list, my Lord!—and ask their names—it will be pleasing to them

them to sound out their own *titles*!—Lord *Elliot* is to be an exception, or he will tediously go through every degree of his dignity in giving an answer!—All letters from *Berkley-square* to be brought in without mentioning *Lord Shelburne's* name, or even *Mr. Rose's*;—the *Treasury messenger* to carry the *red box* as usual to *Charles Jenkinson*, before it is sent to *Buckingham-house*.—Don't blunder a *second* time and question *Lord Mountmorris* as to the life of a *hackney chairman*!—it is wrong to judge by *appearances*!—Lord *G—b—m* may be admitted to the *library*,—he can't *read*, and therefore *won't* damage the books!

EX TEMPORE,

TO A LADY OF TORY PRINCIPLES, APPEARING
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DUBLIN, WITH
AN ORANGE LILLY IN HER BREAST, ON KING
WILLIAM'S BIRTH NIGHT.

BY THE LATE JOHN ST. LEGER, ESQ.

THOU little Tory, why the jest,
Of wearing orange in thy breast;
When that same breast betraying shews,
The whiteness of the rebel rose.

EPI.

E P I G R A M

ON CHATTERTON.

ALL think, now Chatterton is dead,
 His works are worth preserving !
 Yet no one, when he was alive,
 Would keep the bard from starving !

THE WEATHER.

" 'TIS Winter," says Bull, " 'ts Winter, I swear,
 " And I'll have a fire in my room."
 " A fire!" says his wife, "Oh, you'll never take care,
 " 'Till you're burnt out of house and home."
 " Custom," says he, " shall never rack,
 " Nor tie me to its tether :
 " 'Tis Summer by the Almanack,
 " But Winter by the Weather.
 " Two things at all times cheer my life,
 " At all times are divine ;
 " I always like to kiss my wife,
 " And drink a glass of wine."

His wife could not take John amiss,
 But, sparkling with desire,
 She printed on his lips a kiss,
 And run to light the fire.

Oxford,

stan.

Oxford, Sept. 29, 1782.

The following O D E, was found among the papers of Counsellor D——; it is supposed to have been written by a Dry Salter in the neighbourhood of Oxford; and it was devoutly to be wished, that the poor Counsellor had followed the advice it contains, as he would not then have starved himself to death with cold last February. If it be not too long, or too dull for your purpose, you will oblige several of your admirers by giving it a place; and among the rest

TOBY TASTLESS.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE, PARAPHRASED FROM HORACE,
AND ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND JOE D——.

“ Mihi est propositum in taberna mori.” *Vet. car.*

— * GOOD friend, be ca'm. Why shouldst thou
fret

Because the nation runs in debt,

And taxes grow on taxes?

Do, prithee, wait till time and tide

A nostrum for the ill provide,

And † North his hand relaxes?

Hor. car. xi. lib. II.

* Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes

Hirpine Quinti, cogitet Adria

Divisus objecto, remittas

Querere——

† The reader will perceive from this, and the two following stanzas, that the epistle was written before the late changes in the
fighting

What is't to thee, if on the sea,
 At *bide and seek* our Admirals play
 With wags of France and Spain;
 Or if our merry Generals choose,
 On rebel foil, at *fast and loose*
 To spend a whole campaign?

Tut! thou art safe, man, never fear;
 The Yankees cannot sure *this year*
 To Britain waft their fighters;
 Thou know'st *one Arnold* t'other day
 Smother'd the rogues, like eels in hay,
 And burnt their rotten lighters.

† I note, besides, in thee, dear Joe,
 And faith I'm griev'd to find it so,

fighting and political world. For the rest the author seems to have considered Great Britain under the idea of an apple in a cyder press and the Premier, as the man at the screw. The thought is not a bad one, by the same token that his Lordship, when he left work, did not suffer the engine to relax; but gave it in its strained state to a fresh man, who drew it a little tighter, and gave it to a third, who will probably soon give it to a fourth, who will give it to a fifth, and so on *ad infinitum*, until the poor apple be not only drained of its pulp, but utterly annihilated.

† —nec trepides in usum

Proscutis ævi pauca.

A sneak.

A sneaking love of gold:

'Twere worth a groat to know how first

Avarice, so free a bosom curst——

I fear me thou grow'st old*.

But shall I tell thee how I heard

A † Bishop, with a sapient beard,

This folly once deride?

He said, indeed, he prov'd it too,

That Nature's *real* wants were few,

And easily supply'd.

* By your leave, Master Editor, here must be some mistake in this place. The doctrine you speak of, could not come from a Bishop: not because they are not contented with a little; not because they are not unsolicitous of pomp and power; not because they are not wholly free from avarice, but because they none of them wear beards. *Printer's Devil.*

† Avarice being generally esteemed the vice of old age; whether from the perverseness of human nature, which gives increasing value to wealth, while it is every moment becoming of less consequence, or that nature

“ ——— as it grows again towards earth,

“ Is dull and heavy, fashion'd for the journey.”

As my library is unfortunately out at pawn at present, I cannot with sufficient accuracy determine.

Then

Then damn it—s'blood thou makes one swear;
 Why all this coil to split a hair,
 And swell a useless heap;
 When thou might'st glide along at ease,
 No bairns to breed, no wife to please,
 And live, like me, dog cheap?

* Believe me, Joe, youth wanes apace;
 And see already every grace
 On tip-toe to begone;
 For hoary age, with wrinkl'd mien,
 That scares each charm as soon as seen,
 Is hobbling briskly on.

Oh! then adieu to soft delights,
 To careless days, and amorous nights,
 And hours of sweet repose;
 Anxiety succeeds, and pain
 That shuts the languid eye in vain,
 Nor rest nor slumber knows.

† Dost thou repine, man? Mark the rose,
 At morn with vernal tints it glows,

* —————fugit retro
 Levis juvenas, et ducor, arida
 Pellente lascivos amores
 Canitia, facilemque somnum.

† Non semper idem floribus est honor
 Vernis, —

And

And breathes its sweets around ;
 At eve behold it pale and dead,
 Its beauty lost, its fragrance fled,
 And withering on the ground.

* Mark too the morn : now full and fair
 She shines, and earth, and sea, and air
 Smile in the yellow gleam ;
 Anon her glories disappear,
 And not a star that gilds the sphere,
 But yields a brighter beam.

Then, prithee, cease the impatient strain :
 I blush to hear a man complain
 That life expires too soon.

What's life ? A bubble of an hour ;
 False as the wind ; frail as the flower,
 And changeful as the Moon.

† Why wilt thou then with boundless schemes,
 Disappointed as a sick man's dreams,
 Perplex thy bounded mind ;
 And, grasping at the future hour,
 Let slip the present from thy power ?
 Oh, impotent and blind !

* —nequi uno Luna rubens nitet
 Vultu.—

† —Quid æternis minorem
 Confiliis animum fatigas ?

Say,

Say, should'st thou an Ephemera spy,
Would'st thou not laugh till either eye
Swam joyously in tears,
To hear the silly insect say,
I quit the pleasures of *to-day*
To toil for *future years*?

That silly insect, Joe, art thou;
I know it by thy wrinkled brow—
But come: of this no more.
• Be once a man, forego thy cares,
Kick Lyttleton on Coke down stairs,
And meet me at the *Boar*.

Where idly lolling on this bench,
I with my pipe, thou with thy wench—
For thou, old boy, I know,
Though past the hey-day of thy youth,
Hast still, cum pace, a colt's tooth—
What! have I touch'd thee, Joe?

• Cur non sub altâ vel platano, vel hac,
Pinu jacentes sic temere, et rosa
Canos odorati capillos
Potamus uncti?

Well

responsibility of them, and be stigmatized for political courage in the period of prosperity and cowardice, when there exists but the appearance of danger.

HOW TO MAKE A CHANCELLOR.

TAKE a man of great abilities, with a heart as black as his countenance. Let him possess a rough inflexibility, without the least tincture of generosity or affection, and be as manly as oaths and ill-manners can make him. He should be a man who will act politically with all parties, hating and deriding every one of the individuals which compose them.

HOW TO MAKE A MASTER OF THE ORDNANCE.

TAKE a man of a busy meddling turn of mind, with just as much parts as will make him troublesome, but never respectable. Let him be so perfectly callous to a sense of personal honour, and to the distinction of public fame, as to be marked for the valour of insulting where it cannot be revenged; † and if a case should arise, where he attempts to injure reputation, because it is *dignified* and *absent*, he should possess *discretion* enough to *apologise*, and to *recant* afterwards, if it is *dictated* to him to do so,

† "What care I for the K——'s Birth day?"

notwithstanding any previous declared resolutions to the contrary. Such a man will be found to be the most fit for servitude, in times of disgrace and degradation.

HOW TO MAKE A TREASURER OF THE NAVY.

TAKE a man composed of most of the ingredients necessary to enable him to attack and defend the very same principles in politics, or any party or parties concerned in them, at all times, and upon all occasions. Mix with these ingredients a very large quantity of the root of interest, so that the juice of it may be always sweet and uppermost. Let him be one who avows a pride in being so necessary an instrument for every political measure, as to be able to *extort* those honours and emoluments from the *weakness* of a Government, which he had been deliberately *refused*, at a time when it would have been honourable to have obtained them.

HOW TO MAKE A LORD OF THE TREASURY.

TAKE the most stupid man you can find, but who can make his signature, and from ignorance in every thing, will never contradict you in any thing: he should not have a brother in the church, for if he has, he will most probably abandon or betray you.

you. Or, take a man of fashion, with any sort of celebrity; if he has accustomed himself to arguments, though the dullness can only be measured by the length of them, he will serve to speak *against time*, with a certainty, in that case, of never being answered.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

TAKE a pleading *Country Attorney*, without passions, and without parts. Let him be one who will seize the first opportunity of renouncing his connections with the first man who draws him out of obscurity, and serves him.—If he has no affections or friendships, so much the better; he will be the more ready to contribute to his own advantage. He should be of a temper so pliable, and a perseverance so inflexible, as to lead his master into trouble, difficulties, and ruin, when he thinks he is labouring to overcome them. Let him be a man who has cunning enough, at the same time, to prey upon, and deceive frankness and confidence, and who, when he can no longer avail himself of both, will sacrifice even his character in the cause of treachery, and prefer the interests resulting from it to the virtuous distinctions of honour and gratitude.

HOW TO MAKE A SECRETARY AT WAR.

TAKE a man that will *take any thing*. Let him possess all the negative virtues of being able to do no harm, but at the same time can do no good; for they are qualifications of a courtly nature, and may in time recommend him to a situation something worse, or something better.

HOW TO MAKE A WARDROBE-KEEPER, OR
PRIVY-PURSE.

TAKE the most supercilious fool in the nation, and let him be in confidence in proportion to his ignorance.

HOW TO MAKE A SURVEYOR-GENERAL OF THE
ORDNANCE.

TAKE a Captain in the Navy, as being the most acquainted with the *Army*; he should have been a few years at sea, in order to qualify him for the direction and management of works *ashore*; and let him be one who will sacrifice his connections with as much ease as he would renounce his profession,

HOW TO MAKE A PEER.

TAKE a man with, or without parts, of an ancient or new family, with one or with two boroughs at his command, previous to a dissolution.—Let him renounce all former professions and obligations, and engage to bring in your friends, and to support you himself.—Or,

TAKE the *Country Gentleman* who the least expects it, and particularly let the honour be conferred when he has done nothing to deserve it.

HOW TO MAKE SECRET INFLUENCE.

TAKE a tall ill-looking man, with more vanity, and less reason for it, than any person in Europe.—He should be one who does not possess a single consolatory private virtue, under a general public detestation. His pride and avarice should increase with his prosperity, whilst they lead him to neglect and despise the natural claims of indigence in his own family. If such a man can be found, he will easily be made the instigator as well as the instrument of a cabal which has the courage to do mischief, and the cowardice of not being responsible for it; convinced that he can never obtain any other importance than that to be deprived from the execution of purposes

evidently pursued, for the establishment of tyranny upon the wreck of public ruin.

LOBBY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

PEARSON having been at the trouble to have the Lobby furnished up for *anti-debates*, most of the Members, whose harangues are *too learned* to be understood within the House, and who therefore adjourn to explain to each other what they could not otherwise make comprehensible, have determined on fitting up a little library of select compositions. Such of them who have a genius for the *Belles Lettres*, mean to present their own works in *manuscript*: and as all men have not a *literary* turn, those who are distinguished by their eminence in *painting*, will contribute their aid in decorating the Lobby, according to that particular *forte*!

The following is a SCHEDULE of a Part of the PAINTINGS, &c. in Question.

A view of the Cave of Famine; a *lean ghastly figure* placed as a *centinel* at the entrance.—*Motto from Churchill, by*

Mr. Macdonald.

Judas

Judas Iscariot in the act of *betraying*.—A sketch in charcoal.

Mr. John Robinson.

St. Dunstan relating his interview with the Devil.—A copy.

Sir R. Hill.

Two Dutch Gamblers quarrelling at *All Fours*.—After the manner of *Teniers*.

Hon. K—b S—t.

A Sadler's-Wells Rope-dancer, balancing an empty pitcher on his chin.

Lord H—b—n—b—ke.

The Polish Dwarf speaking through a trumpet, with an intention to pass for the *Irish Giant*.

Capt. J. L—l.

A Miser cutting up a *Naval Flag*, and converting it into *Money Bags*.

Sir Thomas Franklin.

MANUSCRIPTS.

My own private Memoirs, interspersed with several witty sayings of mine.—Together with the story of the Dutchman and Owl, which occasioned Wilberforce to laugh, and spit the hot soup in Jenkinson's face. Also my intrigues in the Opera-House gallery.

By Mr. Villiers.

A Word

A Word to the *Cabinet Council*; with the parable of the *Wise Men* of Gotham. Also the Secret History of Sir Robert Walpole's Buckskin Breeches-maker; with Anecdotes of my own *Washerwoman*, and other *important* matters. To which will be added, the Story of the *Cat* and the *Bull*; and the Art of making *Toddy*.

Lord Nugent.

A Supplement to Lord Chesterfield's Hints on *Politencfs*. Also *marginal* Notes to the Complete Farrier; and Instructions how to manage a Kennel of Hounds.

Sir G. P. Turner.

Rules by which a Man may raise himself and Family to *Grandeur*; differing in essentials from the other work with this title.

Lord Viscount N-w-ll.

A Parallel between a British Senator and a Chinese King; in which the management of *bogs* will be opposed to the art of *plowing*; a ceremony which some Eastern Sovereigns are obliged to go through, before they can be admitted to govern. To which will be added, *sceptical doubts*, whether *grunting* has not always been found useful in *oratory*.

Sir Joseph Mawbey.

DRAW.

D R A W I N G S.

A Representation of *Jack the Painter* setting fire to Portsmouth Dock-yard. The *Watchman* asleep.

Lord Hood.

An action between *two Dutch fishing boats*, and a King's frigate, in thick *fog*; which may be mistaken for the *smoke* of guns; and the boats, consequently, for *ships of war*.—This piece is highly *prized*.

Captain Macb—c.

My own portrait. The spectators are desired not to tear away the *writing* under it; as several persons may else fancy it is meant for either the *Gog*, or *Magog*, of Guildhall.

Sir Watkin Lewis.

A Greek father baptising an *Hebrew* in the river Jordan.

Sir Sampson Gideon.

The popular *Pinetti*, stripping the *shirt* off the back of an Englishman, and leaving him *naked*.

Mr. Pitt.

M A N U S C R I P T S.

AN Account of a *Soldier* who was seized with a *lock-jaw*, and had a *pension* in consequence granted to him. With several remarkable feats which this extraordinary person performed, not in the "Tented Field," but near Palace-yard, where he long underwent *drill*, by command of his superior Officer, Lord *Shelburne*.

Col. *Barre*.

A Treatise on *grave aspects*; with the means I used to look wise when I saw *Pitt* the morning after I came into office; on which he told me, that it was a shame I ever should have been called "*Pogy*" by my school-fellows at *Eton*.—Also a relation of the *apprehensions* I was under, the three first official interviews I had with *Mulgrave*: and the tormenting sensations I felt, on his detecting me in the anti-room, standing upon a chair before a *looking-glass*.

Mr. *W. W. Grenville*.

A serious discourse on the folly of *principle*; in which is proved, that *servility* and *accommodation*, are more necessary to the welfare of a state, than *shining abilities*, and a *disinterested* mind. A beautiful engraving of my own head is inserted in this work.

J. *Robinson*.

Poetical

Poetical Effusions, consisting of an Epigram on a Poached Egg. A *Sonnet*, upon Lady *Wray*, taking Rowley's herb snuff. The celebrated *Eulogium* on Hard Dumplings, for which I had the prize, when I went to school in Yorkshire: with marginal notes, written to render it *comprehensible* to Sir *Watkin Lewis*, to whom it is addressed. The *Acrostic* on the *Bear*, which Lord *Percy* sent from America to Northumberland House, is included; with several other ingenious compositions, too tedious to mention.

Sir Cecil Wray.

N. B. *Pearson* will not suffer this last work to have a place with the other productions, till the writer's pretensions for sending it are better founded: it is therefore, for the present, deposited in the great-coat closet.

THE FOLLOWING SQUIB WAS HANDED ABOUT DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF LORD SHELBURNE, WHEN HE WAS NEGOTIATING THE PEACE.

A WELL DREST MINISTER IS A NATIONAL BENEFIT.

IT was remarked that the Premier wore a suit on the birth-day, supposed to have been sent him from Paris by Fitzherbert and Oswald, of a mixed colour, orange and blue, which so changed, that viewing it in one light, it appeared *orange*, in another quite *blue*; and his Lordship so contrived it, that by shuffling about and bowing, he made those whom he pleased should think so, it was either the one colour or the other.

"It is *orange*, by the Lhard," exclaims the Lord Advocate, as he stood on the Earl's left hand.

"Pardon me," says the Commander in Chief, "it is *true blue*; you don't observe it, my Lord, in the light that I do." The General stood rather concealed behind the Premier, and leaning neither to the one side nor the other.

"Be it so," replied the Lord Advocate—"orange or blue, it is all one to me."

"It

"It is perfectly immaterial, indeed," says the Commander in Chief; "there is only a slight *shade of difference.*"

This was not the only dispute in the drawing-room on the colour of the Premier's coat. With his usual address, he kept up the whole day his *blue* grins, and his *orange* grins, playing them off with great success from his masked battery, according as he directed his attack on Whigs or Tories, Courtiers or Country Gentlemen.

Boquets were in fashion on the birth-day. The Premier is always well dressed. His bosom was so open as it always is, and he wore a small *branch*, or rather a *sprig of manufactured olive*; the season is an excuse for counterfeits; it was ingeniously made by Carberry, and so resembled nature as to deceive a set of bulls and bears who stood gaping behind.—"*Olive!* by heavens, it is *genuine olive!*" exclaimed the leader of the troop, a Bull.

"'Tis tiffany," says a Bear, "rank tiffany gummed."

"I say it is peace," says the Bull—mark how the noble Lord smiles on the Duchy of Lancaster.

Now the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was on his Lordship's right hand, and the manager of the Bill of Reform on his left, so that he looked like Janus with the double-face; on the one hand
here

here was a proof of his willingness to reward his friends; on the other there was a scourge for his enemies, peace or war—in *utrumque paratus*. But whether it was peace or war, it was not easy to determine; for the smiles of the peace-side, and the frowns on the war-side were so equally distributed! that the bulls and bears knew not what to do; but as the Minister was well dressed, and wore an olive branch, fictitious or natural, the bulls got the better of the bears, and the funds rose two *per cent*.

Such is the benefit of wearing a changing-coloured coat, trimmed with olive.

POLITICAL QUADRILLE;

OR, THE NATIONAL CARD-PLAYERS.

AMERICA.

I Believe I shall *play alone*; no, *I will call a King*.
I can't lose the game; I have *three matadores* in my
band.

KING OF FRANCE.

You did well to call me, for I am *strong* in every
suit; besides, I know how to *finesse the cards*, and
value myself upon playing *all the game*.

HOLLAND.

HOLLAND.

I wish I had not played that *double game*; I have not got a *Trump* now, yet I *shuffled* well. Oh, I am a *beast*! I wish I had not been forced to *play*; I shall lose all my *fish*.

KING OF SPAIN.

What did you call me for! I shan't get a *trick*. You know how the *last game* went with me.

IRELAND.

I ask leave. Do you give me? I shall *play alone*, if you force me.

SCOTLAND.

I *itch* to play, but I have no *King*.

KING OF ———.

I never have *luck*, when the *curse of Scotland* is in my *hand*; but in the first *deal* of this *pool* I have made some errors; yet come, the *pool's* not gone, let's have a *new pack*; I'll try what *they* will do.—Aye, this is something like; I have a *strong suit* now, without a *KNAVE* among them.

KING

KING OF PRUSSIA.

Am I *oldest*? Oh! I *pass*.

EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

I have only a *Queen* in my *hand*, so I will *pass* too; or if nobody chuses to take my cards, I'll play any *Gentleman* at *put*, or you, Mynheer, at *Dutch rubbers*.

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Some advise me to *play*, others to let it alone. What shall I do? I'll e'en stand by 'till I see *time* to *cut in*; but I will first play with the *Pope* a game at *cribbage*, and try if I can *lurch* him.

THE POPE.

Ponto Falls.

A POETICAL EPISTLE

TO THE REV. DR. ROBERTSON, OCCASIONED BY
HIS HISTORY OF AMERICA.

[THE author of the following verses states a comparison between the elegant Historian to whom they are addressed, and Livy. Both writers are distinguished by the music of their periods, and their skill in pathetic description. The Roman historian is also eminent for his attachment to the cause of liberty. Nor is there any reason to apprehend, from the writings of the English historian, that his principles are opposite. Yet the history he has promised of British America, is, in this respect, become exceedingly critical. Therefore the author of the following epistle, anxious for the fame of a writer whom he respects, and for a cause which he thinks equitable, hopes he has not transgressed against propriety, in hazarding what has the appearance of an admonition. The verses were written some time ago, and are now offered to the public with the greatest deference.]

SOFT as the gentle dews of even
Descending from the gate of Heaven,
Commission'd timely to dispense
On earth, their healing influence,

Reviving

Reviving many a pensive flower,
 That suffered by the noon-tide hour :
 Like dews or soft descending snows,
 Thy tuneful elocution flows.—
 What words of pow'r, what lucky spell
 Could make the Muse impart her shell,
 And yield thee that immortal lore
 She to the Paduan dealt of yore ; *
 Yield to thy hands the golden key,
 That opes the fount of melody ?

Nor only thine the tuneful art,
 Thine too the power to melt the heart.—
 Yet, teacher of the times to come,
 Why would'st thou mitigate the doom,
 Or veil th' indeliable disgrace,
 The portion of that lawless race,
 Iberia's unrelenting brood,
 Who drench'd their fangs in Indian blood ?

Ye natives of the western wild,
 Where Nature with indulgence smil'd,

* *She to the Paduan dealt of yore.*—Livy was born at Padua ; was highly esteem'd by Augustus, and was appointed by his recommendation tutor to Claudius. He wrote his history during his residence at Rome.

By Oronoko's rapid streams,
 Or where the Orellano gleams
 Far seen, from Andes' lofty brow,
 In many a wilderness below ;
 Or ye who pac'd the Cuban shores,
 And where the chaff'd Atlantic roars
 'Mid Carribæan Isles ; to you
 I give my tears : a tribute due,
 Due for your griefs—and the disgrace
 Incurr'd by our rapacious race.

Blameless amid Elyfian climes,
 Remote from Europe and her crimes
 Peaceful ye liv'd ; till from afar
 The minister of impious War,
 By Av'rice prompted, swoln with pride
 The Iberian plow'd the western tide.

Ah me ! what prodigies foretold
 A period to your age of gold !
 What awful indications rose
 Prophetic of approaching woes !
 Fearful ye saw the mountain quake,
 Saw the foreboding islands shake,
 Pale inauspicious suns arise,
 Direful eclipses veil your skies,
 Your skies exhibit fields of blood,
 While voices from the roaring flood,

With

With rumours, signs, and visions drear,
Warn'd you of desolation near.

No more beneath the citron grove,
Warbling the melodies of love,
Will ye in blameless pastime gay,
Enjoy your inoffensive day.
The fable hours are on the wing;
Soon will your vallies cease to sing;
Soon will the voice of Weeping rise,
And Imprecation rend the skies.

The Spoilers come! Will ye receive
Them kindly? And their need relieve?
Ah me! in other guise will they
Your hospitable aid repay?
O foul of manners! foul of heart!
Ne'er will th' inhuman crew depart,
Ne'er till they spoil the peaceful shade;
Bare, unprovok'd, the deadly blade;
With carnage heap the reeking shore,
And sleep their hands in Indian gore.—
No! never can repenting Spain
Palliate her crime; efface the stain
Contracted by the blood she spilt;
Or expiate her enormous guilt.

Nor yet invidious will the Muse,
The guerdon of renown refuse,

Purchas'd

Purchas'd by merit : but with joy
 Would every tuneful note employ,
 One Spaniard to redeem, and name
 Las Cafas, genuine heir of Fame.
 Full many a faintly tear he shed,
 While the poor captive Indian bled.
 Anxious to save the placid race,
 And shield Iberia from disgrace,
 He strove with many a gentle art
 To mitigate the rigid heart—
 Alas ! th' insatiate love of gain
 Had fear'd the rigid heart of Spain.

Thou who shalt speak to future times,
 Abhorrent of inhuman crimes,
 Wipe from thy page one stain, the same
 To men of execrable name
 Given rashly ; and with censure due,
 Condemn that foul flagitious crew,
 By whom no gen'rous tear was shed !
 By whom th' unpitied Indian bled.

Historian of surpassing skill,
 To guide our feelings by thy will,
 There a more arduous task abides,
 To paint the tempests and the tides
 Of faction ; and the mutual rage
 Of brethren that erce conflict wage,—

And

And can Britannia's sons, possess'd
 With frenzy, stab a brother's breast?
 With unbecoming stupor gaze,
 Nor grieve while kindred cities blaze?
 Their hands in bloody carnage steep,
 While widows mourn and orphans weep?
 Or, why, indeliable disgrace!
 Will they provoke the savage race?
 Their brethren wantonly expose,
 The prey of unrelenting foes;
 Nor feel one soft emotion rise,
 While shrieks and wailings pierce the skies?

Ah! who is she, of hellish brood?
 I see her garments dropping blood;
 With livid fire her eye-balls glare,
 A serpent hisses in her hair;
 Behold her reeking dagger gleams;
 Earth trembles as the fury screams!
 Fierce Civil Rage avaunt! too well
 We know thee, progeny of Hell.

Why would not Britain gently bind,
 In cords of love the willing mind?
 Reclaiming with indulgence mild,
 If trespassing, the recreant child;
 Proud of her offspring, and their zeal
 For freedom and a public weal!

If bold in active virtue, they
 Enjoy the vivifying ray
 That holy liberty imparts,
 And feel her spirit in their hearts,
 Powerful their birth-right to defend,
 Why should they even to Britain bend ?
 Because their fathers boldly dar'd
 Encounter unknown perils, bar'd
 Their bosom to the stormy blast,
 Plow'd, undismay'd, the billowy waste,
 And scorned the rage of winds and waves,
 Were they to be accounted slaves ?
 Because the howling desert wild
 By them like blooming Eden smil'd,
 And dreary wastes, where serpents lay
 Sequester'd from the eye of day,
 By them the yellow harvest bore,
 And Culture's lovely raiment wore,
 Where many a thriving city rose,
 Were they to be accounted foes ?

As thou would'st prize immortal fame,
 Be careful of their growing name ;
 Else will the Muse lament—for dear
 Is freedom to the Muse—that e'er
 She fed thee with ambrosial showers,
 Receiv'd thee in her blissful bowers ;

And

And gave thee of the blooms that blow,
 Where Aganippe's fountains flow,
 Or may with rigorous command
 Reclaim from thy reluctant hand,
 Her gift misus'd, the golden key
 That opes the fount of melody.

The time will come, prophetic Muse!
 If right I scan thy radiant hues,
 When justice and the arts shall reign,
 In climes beyond the Atlantic main;
 There Freedom shall abide, and Truth
 Shall flourish in immortal youth.
 No Gothic Lord, no despot there
 To forge the galling fetter dare;
 But thence deliv'ers of mankind,
 To heal their wounds, their chains unbind,
 Heroes shall issue, and cast down
 Despots and sceptres of renown.

Thou who shall speak to future times
 Forgive the boldness of my rhymes,
 Anxious in every glorious line,
 To link the Paduan's fame with thine.
 Like his thy elocution flows,
 Gentle as soft descending snows:
 Like him, thou hast the winning art
 To captivate and melt the heart:

And

" Or with swift fingers shall touch the strings,
 " And in the magic loom of harmony,
 " Notes of such wond'rous texture weave,
 " As lift the soul on seraph wings,
 " Which, as they soar above the jasper sky,
 " Below them suns unknown and worlds unnumber'd
 " leave.

" While thou, by list'ning crowds approv'd,
 " Lov'd by the Muse, and by the Poet lov'd,
 " Althorp, should emulate the fame
 " Of Roman Patriots and th' Athenian name;
 " Should charm with full persuasive eloquence,
 " With all thy mother's * grace, and all thy father's
 " sense,
 " Th' applauding senate; whilst, above thy head,
 " Exulting Liberty should smile,
 " Then bidding dragon-born Contention cease,
 " Should join the dance with meek-ey'd Peace;
 " And, by thy voice impell'd, should spread
 " An universal joy around her cherish'd isle.

" But ah! thy public virtues, youth, are vain
 " In this voluptuous, this abandon'd age,
 " When Albion's sons with frantic rage,

* Georgina Poyntz, Countess Spencer.

" In crimes alone, and recreant baseness bold,
 " Freedom and Concord, with their weeping train,
 " Repudiate ; slaves of vice ! and slaves of gold !
 " They, on their starry pinions sailing
 " Through the crystal fields of air,
 " Mourn their efforts unavailing,
 " Lost persuasions, fruitless care.
 " Truth, Justice, Reason, Valour, with them fly
 " To seek a purer soil, a more congenial sky.

" Beyond the vast Atlantic deep,
 " A dome by viewless genii shall be rais'd,
 " The walls of adamant compact and steep,
 " The portals with sky-tinctur'd gems emblaz'd :
 " There on a lofty throne shall Virtue stand ;
 " To her the youth of Delaware shall kneel ;
 " And, when her smiles rain plenty o'er the land,
 " Bow, tyrants, bow beneath th' avenging steel !
 " Commerce with fleets shall mock the waves,
 " And arts, that flourish not with slaves ;
 " Dancing with ev'ry Grace and ev'ry Muse,
 " Shall bid the vallies laugh, and heav'nly beams
 " diffuse."

She ceases ; and a strange delight
 Still vibrates on my ravish'd ear :
 What floods of glory drown my fight !
 What scenes I view ! what sounds I hear !

This

This for my friends—but, gentle nymphs, no more
 Dare I with spells divine the Muse recall:
 Then, fatal harp, thy transient rapture o'er,
 Calm I replace thee on the sacred wall.
 Ah! see how lifeless hangs the lyre,
 Not lightning now, but glitt'ring wire!
 Me to the brawling bar, and wrangles high,
 Bright-hair'd Sabrina calls, and rosy-bosom'd Wye.

THE APPARITION;

OR, CHATHAM'S GHOST.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In glided *Chatbam's* grimly ghost,
 And stood at *William's* feet.

His face was like a wint'ry morn,
 Clad in a snowy cloud;
 His body thin, on crutches borne,
 Dress'd in a fable shroud.

His piercing eyes, which still retain'd
 The fire they here possess'd;
 With indignation seem'd to glow,
 And all he felt express'd.

Amaz'd his son the ghost beheld,
 His frame convuls'd with fear;
 With stedfast look, and accent stern,
 When thus began the Peer.

“ My son, I come from the still tomb

“ To tell you what I feel,

“ At seeing that your deeds of late

“ Destroy your country's weal.

“ The lessons which in early youth

“ I taught your opening mind,

“ Were surely all forgot, when once

“ With *Jenkinson* you join'd,

“ His patron train'd in cunning low,

“ Taught in the Scottish school;

“ Persuaded me to take a part,

“ When he bore all the rule.

“ But when I found I had been dup'd,

“ (Which to my shame was true)

“ I instantly resign'd my place,

“ And from the Court withdrew.

“ You too are dup'd, my *Billy* dear,

“ You have been made the tool

“ Of Secret Influence, though none

“ E'er thought you such a fool.

“ You

" You said, you lov'd the Commons' rights,

" Why then those rights destroy ?

" Or wanton with them, as they were

" Fit play-things for a boy ?

" Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,

" The constitution hurt ;

" By thee, the Commons set at nought,

" Their privilege thy sport.

" To give my restless spirit ease,

" One way is left alone ;

" Resign your place, forsake the clan,

" Then shall I cease to moan.

" But, hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence,

" A long, and last adieu !

" Think how exalted was our name,

" Till now disgrac'd by you !"

The morn appear'd, the Sun was up,

And shew'd his glittering heat ;

Pale *William* shook in ev'ry limb,

And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the Royal House,

And up the Back Stairs went ;

Resolv'd to prove how much he was

On *Chaibam's* words intent.

And thrice he call'd his Sov'reign's name,
 And thrice the K—— replied—
 “ Leave me not, *Pitt*.”—But he was firm,
 Resign'd his place, and—cried !

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

TAKE a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
 Into Queensberry's head * put Bunbury's eyes ; †
 Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood,
 To answer your purpose there's none half so good ;
 Pound Clermont ‡ to dust, you'll find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient ;
 From Fox and Fitzpatrick take plenty of spirit,,
 Successful or not, they have always that merit.
 Tommy Panton's address ; § John Wastell's advice ; ||
 A touch of Prometheus ; 'tis done in a trice.

NEW FLAT. **

SPRING.

* The Duke is said to have the longest turf head, with but a single eye.

† Sir Charles's eyes are so good, that he can see the horses the length of the Beacon, a four-mile course at Newmarket.

‡ Lord Clermont has lost more money on the turf than perhaps any man in England.

§ Mr. Panton is reckoned the most polite man on the turf.

|| Mr. Wastell's skill in the breed of horses is remarkable, and his advice is sought after by the young sportsers.

** The *New Flat* is the last Course that has been made at Newmarket. Perhaps our readers may wish to know the names of

S P R I N G;

A N O D E.

BY FRANCIS KNIGHT, JUN.

O SPRING, relenting maid! appear,

Unbind again the frozen ground!

In beauty deck the smiling year,

And scatter vernal roses round:

O come! and with thy radiant hand

In purple paint the western sky;

O come! and let thy chearful hand

Remove th' obstructing clouds, and bid pale Winter fly.

of the different Courses at Newmarket. The following we believe is a correct list:

Beacon Course is four miles, and in the Sporting Calendar is marked ——— B. C.

Round Course, four miles, marked ——— R. C.

Duke's Course, four ditto ——— D. C.

Ditto, In Course ——— D. I.

Rowley Mile ——— R. M.

Bunbury Mile ——— B. M.

Abingdon Mile ——— Ab. M.

Ancafter Mile ——— An. M.

Rowley-Post-Mile to the post in the furges, three quarters of a mile.

New Flat ——— N. F.

By wanton zephyrs fann'd, the rose
 In pride surveys its op'ning bloom,
 The violets every charm disclose,
 And fill the air with rich perfume ;
 All nature is with beauty crown'd,
 The trees put on their varied hues,
 The richest verdure dyes the ground,
 And every charm appears to court the rural Muse.

O thou! by whose divine command,
 Each louing tempest left our ill ;
 Thy blessings deal with liberal hand,
 And bid thy toiling servants smile :
 Let Winter turn his gloomy car,
 And yield to Spring's delightful sway ;
 Fly with his shivering train afar,
 Nor with tempestuous clouds deform the rosy May.
 Unclouded in the azure sky
 Let the bright Sun his orb display ;
 Each storm and threat'ning cloud defy,
 And cheer us with his genial ray :
 Let blooming Spring unrivall'd reign,
 An earnest of the grateful store,
 Which Autumn sheds on every plain :
 And man thy praise shall sing, and thy great pow'r
 adore.

[The following Lines are handed about, and said to be the Production of a young Gentleman, now at Westminster-School; a Copy of them be inclosed in a Letter to the Minister.]

ON THE CANDLE AND WINDOW TAX.

JOVE said, "Let there be light—" and lo,

It instant was, and freely given,

To every creature under heaven;

Says P—, "I will not have it so—

"Darkness much better suits my views;

"Let darkness o'er the land diffuse.

"Henceforth *I Will*, that all shall pay

"For every light, by *night* or *day*."

He said—and, as he'd been a God,

The venal herd obey'd his nod.

Lines to MR. PITT,

ON HIS CONTINUING IN OFFICE FOR THE GOOD
OF THE NATION.

YOU always are boasting of honour and candor,

Yet false is your speech, and deceitful your looks;

To apply the old proverb to *you* is no slander,

"'Tis Heaven sends meat, but the Devil sends

"cooks."

E P I T A P H

ON AN ATTORNEY.

HERE lieth one who often lied before,
But now he lieth here, he lies no more!

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

JULY, 1784.

MISSING, from the genealogies of the new Peers—
three *Fathers*, five *Mothers*, nine *Grandfathers*, fourteen
Grandmothers, twenty *Great-grandfathers*, and nearly
twice the number of *Great-grandmothers*.—Also some
complete generations of ancestors.

If any person can give notice at the Herald's
Office of any *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Grandfathers*, *Grand-*
mothers, *Great-grandfathers*, and *Great-grandmothers*,
worth owning, of the names of C— D—, H—
L—, P— E—, &c. &c. &c. so as that the said
Fathers, *Mothers*, *Grandfathers*, *Great-grandfathers*, and
Great-grandmothers may be taken and restored to the
advertisers; the person so informing, for every such
notice, shall receive *one guinea* reward, and *no questions*
shall be asked.

And

And if any person will undertake to find *ancestors* by the generation, for every regular descent of not less than *three*, and not more than *five*, he shall receive *two guineas* each ancestor; and for every regular descent of not less than *six*, and not more than *ten*, he shall receive *five guineas* each ancestor, and so in proportion for any greater number.

A *handsome compliment* will also be given in addition to the rewards above proposed, for any *ancestors* who distinguished themselves under James the Second, Charles the Second, and Charles the First, in the cause of *Prerogative*. Likewise an extraordinary price will be paid for the discovery of *any ancestor* of remote antiquity and *high family*; such as the immortal Duke Rollo, companion of *William the Conqueror*, and founder of the present illustrious family of *Rolle*.

N. B. No greater rewards will be offered, as the Heralds have received directions for making *new*.

A NEW SONG UPON THE NEW TIMES.

TO Kings who aspire to an absolute reign,
If such can be found in France, England, or Spain;
This ballad a nostrum prescribes for their cares,
'Tis nothing but building a pair of Back Stairs.

Tho' fears and objections around them they see,
Tho' the People are stout, and the Commons are
free;

Tho' Camden refuses, tho' Shelburne despairs,
Yet still there's a way, and 'tis up the Back Stairs.

In youth we observe; (and all boys are the same)
The greater the pleasure, the slyer the game;
And the maxim is certain, for Rumour declares,
Pitt rode on the bannisters up the Back Stairs.

Whilst this Council so secret is form'd to surprize,
All as able as Dorset, as Chesterfield wise;
Lord Brudenel approves, and Lord Salisbury swears,
That great is the honour to mount the Back Stairs.

Thus not on a King, on his measures, or friends,
The Government now on the Builder depends;
And the Architect only the nation impairs,
By cunningly placing a pair of Back Stairs.

Not nice in materials, he finds them all good,
Or of stone, or of stucco, or marble, or wood;
But wide enough only's the chief of his cares,
For Lord Temple to squeeze himself up the Back
Stairs.

BY A GENTLEMAN WHO DINED BY INVITATION AT
THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB OVER COVENT-GARDEN
THEATRE.

AT a famous old club for Beef-steaks you will see
Great men of all parties, and every degree ;
There mirth and good humour for ever you'll find,
Nor squabbles, nor riots, to ruffle the mind.
I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

Learn hence, ye great statesmen, the *in* and the *out*,
Who keep such a pother, and make such a rout,
That a rump of Old England, when cut into steaks,
Will soften the heart, and old Friendship awakes.
I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

Lord Sandwich and Wilkes, when met at this place,
Ne'er speak of search warrants as any disgrace ;
The Peer sings his catch, and Wilkes cracks his joke,
While the steak piping hot on the table does smoke.
I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

In St. Stephen's great hall, the good old Lord Clare
 Did vow to his God, and as merrily swear,
 That his Burgundy bright would heal every fore,
 But Beef-steaks and porter I am sure will do more.
 I once was a guest, and for ever shall sing,
 That a noble Beef-steak is a glorious thing.

BON MOT of Dr. JOHNSON.

SOON after his Majesty's accession to the throne he conferred a pension of 300l. per annum on Dr. Johnson, for his many valuable writings. Churchill attacked the Doctor in his poem of the Ghost, and in bitter terms called him pensioner, &c. When Johnson read the invective, he said—*If I can't bear this I don't deserve my money.*

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

A BALLAD OF NEW SIMILIES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.

POETS formerly thought that their duty was done
 From similes—fitting a mistress with one;
 But the modern fine lady, appropriating all,
 Exhausts the comparisons fetch'd from this ball.

Like

Like a wagtail, she's fond of all watering places ;
 Like a chaplain, no friend to your wearisome graces ;
 Like a kite, she has tassels, and much scribbled paper,*
 Her train is as long, and her waist is as taper.

Like a clock, she is tattling, and pointing each moment,
 To that upon which we'd dispense with a comment ;
 Like a shuttle-cock's bandied from fribble to fribble ;
 With a foil for companion, she shines like a pebble.

The hoop that she wears, is a magical ring,
 More surprising than any of which authors sing :
 It enchants in its circle, the weak, and the wise,
 While invisibly Virtue lurks, falters, or flies.

Her hair's like the sea, deck'd with shells, lovers pledges,
 Where hearts are entangled like fishes in sedges ;
 Her hand's glov'd in white, all the world like a Quaker ;
 In reckoning of kisses, she counts like a baker.

Like a blacksmith, she labors at forging strong fetters,
 For unwary men, like a prison of debtors,
 From each new acquaintance, she still exacts garnish ;
 Like iv'ry her teeth, and her cheeks are like—varnish.

* Billet Deaux.

Like

Like a weaver, she dreams of silks, chintz, and sattins;
 Is free as *St. James's*; as private as matins;
 As loud as a drum; as inveigling as claret;
 As mad as a *Moor*, † when she sees a new chariot.

As brisk as a kitten; surrounded by visors;
 As swift as a falcon, as sharp as her scissars,
 At opening a hole in a friend's reputation,
 Wide enough for th' curious t'indulge speculation.

O woman! O woman! thou whimsical thing,
 Whose tongue drops with honey, whose tail hath a
 sting;
 Whose bottom is cork, and whose top is of feather,
 'Twould puzzle a joiner to put thee together!

† Alludes to the known frenzy of the Indians when they run a
 muck.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT VELNO DURING THE LATE WAR,
ON A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOY BEING KILLED
BY THE FALL OF A STONE FROM A STEEPLE.

ONE summer's day, invited by the shade,
As near a time-shock tower an *Infant* play'd,
From the high summit whence a *Pigeon* fled,
A fever'd fragment crush'd his harmless head!
—Ye ruthless hosts, whose desolating skill
Make lightnings flash, and mimic thunders kill;
Destructive engines, need your rage employ,
When *Time* can temples, *Doves* can life destroy?

N A N C Y.

NANCY, lovely, fair, and young,
Swell with Passion's warmest fire;
NANCY's eye, but not her tongue,
Yields to every fond desire.

The nymph has lovers at her will,
Of every age, of every size;
And as their breasts with ardour thrill,
Her wish consents—her fear denies.

Still

Still as their cause they fondly plead,
 Alternately her heart they share;
 Yet none of NANCY's beaux succeed,
 And none of NANCY's beaux despair.

In various modes the nymph they try,
 One courts her sense—and one her heart;
 And tho' their suit she still deny,
 With hope they come, with hope depart.

E'en while her reason bears the sway,
 Her bosom seems with fire to burn;
 She bids them go in such a way,
 That still she tempts them to return.

She grants a smile—a glowing kiss,
 And darts of love a kindred gleam;
 She ventures to the brink of bliss,
 But will not rush into the stream.

NANCY is chaste in spite of fate;
 A faint perplex'd with flesh and blood;
 Then call not NANCY a coquette,—
 Say but that NANCY's monstrous good.

B—KE's GLASGOW PROMOTION.

UNQUALIFIED in Senates to declaim,

B—ke gains a post well suited to his knowledge ;
 Scotch pedants zealous to enlarge his fame,
 Have chose him lordly rector of a College.

May B—ke o'er beardless and o'er bearded boys,

His pow'r sublime, unenvied, long maintain !
 And though St. Stephen will not hear his noise,
 In learned cells unrivall'd may it reign !

L I N E S

ON THE PORTRAITS OF THE THREE PRINCESSES,
 PAINTED BY MR. GAINSBOROUGH.

How dar'd'st thou, mortal, impiously presume
 To paint with fading tints celestial bloom ?

How could'st thou on such radiant beauty gaze,
 Uninjur'd by the splendor of its rays ?

Some angel, sure, has lent his friendly aid,
 To sketch the features of each royal maid.

What sweetness softens that majestic air !

What goodness beams from each distinguished fair !

What spirit animates each lovely face !

And in each limb, what symetry and grace !

Such

Such were the forms, that bless'd the shepherd's eyes
On *Ida's* mount, contending for the prize.

Such the *three Graces* of celestial mold,
That charm'd the sculptors and the bards of old.

Consummate artist! say, from whence you drew
The precepts of thy art so just, so true?

With freedom thus, who bade thy pencil flow?

Such force, such sweetness in thy colours glow!

Hast thou, to give perfection to thy piece,

Studied the works of ancient Rome and Greece?

Hast thou survey'd the celebrated * *rule*

Of ancient beauty? or each modern school

With critic *eye compar'd*, to store thy mind

With all these wonders of a taste refin'd?

Ah, no; thy matchless skill with scorn disclaims,

The fancied merit built on pompous names.

Like great *Corregio*, Nature's pencil, fraught

With inborn genius, and by practice taught.

He view'd even *Raphael's* works, with conscious pride,

And " *I'm a painter still*," the artist cry'd! †

O'er seas or Alps let other artists roam,

In quest of beauties, which *you* find at home:

Such charms our *British Nymphs* alone possess,

And none but *G—n'st—rough's* pencil can express!

* The canon or standard of beauty, formed by Polycletus.

Plin. 34. 8.

† See Dupile's Life of Corregio.

EXTRACT FROM THE ROLLIAD, AN EPIC POEM,
IN TWELVE BOOKS, SHORTLY TO BE PUB-
LISHED. JUNE 28, 1784.

WHEN Norman *Rollo* sought fair Albion's coast,
(Long may his offspring prove their country's boast!)
Thy genius, Britain, sure inspir'd his soul
To bless this island with the race of *Rolle*.
Illustrious *Rolle*! O may thy honour'd name
Roll down distinguish'd on the *Rolls* of fame!
Still first be found on Devon's county polls!
Still future senates boast their future *Rolles*!
Since of all *Rolls* which in this world we see,
The world has ne'er produc'd a *Roll* like thee.
Hot *Rolls* and butter break the Briton's fast,
Thy speeches yield a more sublime repast.
Compar'd to thine, how small their boasted heat!
Nor, mix'd with treacle, are they half so sweet.
O'er *Rolls* of parchment Antiquarians pore,
Thy mind, O *Rolle*, affords a richer store.
Let those on law or history who write,
To *Rolls* of Parliament resort for light,
Whilst o'er our Senate from our living *Rolle*
Beam the bright rays of an enlighten'd soul;
In wonder lost, we slight their useless stuff,
And feel one *Rolle* of Parliament enough.

The

The skill'd musician, to direct his band,
 Waves high a *Roll* of paper in his hand;
 When Pitt would drown the eloquence of Burke,
 You seem the *Rolle* best suited to the work;
 His well-train'd band, obedient know their cue,
 And cough and groan in unison with you,
 Thy God-like ancestor, in valour tried,
 Still bravely fought by conqu'ring William's side;
 In British blood he drench'd his purple sword,
 Proud to partake the triumphs of his Lord;
 So you, with zeal, support through each debate,
 The conqu'ring William of a later date.
 Whene'er he speaks, attentive still to chear
 The lofty nothings with a friendly hear,
 And proud your leader's glory to promote,
 Partake his triumph in a faithful vote.
 Ah! sure while coronets like hailstones fly,
 When Peers are made, the Gods alone know why!
 Thy hero's gratitude, O *Rolle*, to thee
 A ducal diadem might well decree;
 Great *Rollo's* title to thy house restore,
 Let E usurp the place of O no more
 Then *Rolle* himself should be what *Rollo* was before.

CRITICISMS ON THE ROLLIAD. N^o I.

“Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Græci.”

Nothing can be more consonant to the advice of Horace and Aristotle than the conduct of our author throughout this poem. The action is *one, entire, and great* event, being the procreation of a child on the wife of a *Saxon Drummer*. The Poem opens with a most laboured and masterly description of a *Storm*. *Rollo's* state of mind in this arduous situation is finely painted :

Now *Rollo* storms more *loudly* than the wind,
Now doubts and black despair perplex his mind ;
Hopeless to see his vessel safely harbour'd,
He hardly knows his *starboard* from his *larboard* !

That a hero in distress should not know his *right* hand from his *left*, is most natural and affecting ; in other hands, indeed, it would not have appeared sufficiently *poetical*, but the technical expressions of our author convey the idea in all the *blaze of metaphor*. The storm at length subsides, and *Rollo* is safely landed on the coast of *Suffex*. Some of his followers discover and conduct him to the country-house of *Dame Shipton*, a lady of exquisite beauty, and *first Concubine* to the *Usurper Harold*. Her likeness (we all know) is still preserved at the wax-work

work in Fleetstreet. To this Lady he relates with great modesty his former actions, and his design of conquering England, in which (charmed with the grace with which he *eats* and *tells stories*) she promises to assist him, and they set off together for *London*. In the third book *Dame Shipton*, or as the author styles her *Shiptonia*, proposes a party to the *puppet-show*; on the walk they are surprized by a shower, and retire under Temple Bar, where *Shiptonia* forgets her fidelity to *Harold*. We are sorry to observe that this incident is not sufficiently *poetical*; nor does *Shiptonia* part with her chastity in so solemn a manner as *Dido* in the *Æneid*. In the opening of the fourth book likewise we think our author inferior to *Virgil*, whom he exactly copies, and in some places translates, he begins in this manner:

But now (for thus it was decreed above)
Shiptonia falls excessively in love;
 In every vein, great *Rollo's* eyes and fame
 Light up, and then add fuel to the flame!
 His words, his beauty, stick within her breast,
 Nor do her cares afford her any rest.

Here we think that *Virgil's* "*hærent infixi pectore vultus verbaque,*" is ill translated by the prosaic word *stick*. We must confess however, that from the despair and death of *Shiptonia*, to the battle of *Hastings*,

ings, in which *Rollo* kills with his own hand the *Saxon Drummer*, and carries off his wife: the Poem abounds with beautiful details. But the sixth book, in which *Rollo* almost despairing of success, descends into a *Night Cellar*, to consult this illustrious *Merlin* on his future destiny, is a master piece of elegance.

From this book, an extract has already been given in the different papers; but as the Philosopher's magic lanthorn exhibits the characters of all the *Rollo's* descendants, and even of all those who were to act on the same stage with the *Marcellus* of the piece, the present illustrious *Mr. Rolle*, we mean to select in our next number some of the most striking passages of this inexhaustible *Magazine of Poetry*!

Nº II. JULY 14, 1784.

OUR author, after giving an account of the immediate descendants of *Rollo*, finds himself considerably embarrassed by the three unfortunate *Rollos*, whom history relates to have been *hanged*. From this difficulty however he relieves himself by a contrivance equally new and arduous, viz. by verifying the bill of indictment, and inserting in it a *flaw*, by which they are saved from condemnation. But in the transactions of those early times, however dignified the phraseology, and enlivened by fancy, there is little to amaze and less to interest: let us hasten, therefore,

fore, to those characters about whom not to be solicitous, is to want curiosity, and whom not to admire is to want gratitude—to those characters, in short, whose splendor illuminates the present House of Commons.

Of these, our author's principal favorite appears to be, that amiable *young Nobleman*, whose *diary* we have all perused with so much pleasure. Of him he says,——

——Superior to abuse,
He nobly glories in the name of GOOSE;
Such Geese at Rome from the perfidious Gaul,
Preserved the Treas'ry-Bench and Capital, &c. &c.

In the description of *Lord Mabon*, our author departs a little from his wonted gravity,

——This *Quixote* of the nation,
Beats his own windmills in gesticulation;
'To strike, not please, his utmost force he bends,
And all his sense is at his fingers ends, &c. &c.

But the most beautiful effort of our author's genius, (if we except only the well known character of Mr. Rolle himself) is contained in the description of Mr. Pitt,

Perd

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
 Young, with more art than *Sh*—ne gleaned from
 age,

Too proud from pilfer'd greatness to descend,
 Too humble not to call *Dundas* his friend,
 In silent dignity and fullen state,
 This new *Octavius* rises to debate!

Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
 Of *Country Gentlemen* with rapture glow;
 He sees convulsed with sympathetic throbs,

Apprentice Peers and deputy—*Nabobs*!

Nor *Rum Contractors* think his speech too long,
 While words like treacle, trickle from his tongue!

O soul congenial to the *Souls of Rolles*!

Whether you tax the *luxury* of Coals,

Or vote some *necessary* Millions more,

To feed an *Indian* friend's exhausted store.

Fain would I praise (if I like thee could praise)

Thy matchless virtues incongenial lays.

But, Ah! too weak, &c. &c.

This apology, however, is like the "*nolo episco-*
pari" of Bishops, for our author continues his pa-
 negyric during about one hundred and fifty lines
 more, after which he proceeds to a task (as he says)
 more congenial to his abilities, and paints

— in smooth confectionary stile,
 The simpering sadness of his *Mulgrave's* smile.

From the character of this nobleman we shall only select a part of one couplet which tends to elucidate our author's astonishing powers in *imitative harmony*.

——“ within his lab'ring throat,——
The shrill shriek struggles with the harsh hoarse note.”

As we mean to excite, and not to satisfy the curiosity of our readers, we shall here put a period to our extracts, and shall in our next consider our author's *notes* on the work, from which we apprehend that his knowledge as an antiquary, will not appear at all inferior to his excellence as a poet. We cannot, however, conclude this essay without observing that there are very few lines in the whole work which are at all inferior to those we have selected for the entertainment of our readers.

Nº III. JULY, 1784.

IT was our intention to have proceeded immediately to the valuable treasures of uncommon erudition contained in the notes on this admirable Poem. We shall however at present take the liberty of postponing this design, and of giving instead, one or two extracts more from the great work itself, for the entertainment of the public. The following beautiful address to Sir Richard Hill, we hope, will alone be a sufficient

sufficient apology to our readers for the alteration of our plan.

Brother of Rowland, or, if yet more dear,
 Sounds thy new title, Cousin of a Peer;
 Scholar of various learning, good or evil,
 Alike what God inspired, or what the Devil;
 Speaker well skill'd, what no man hears, to write;
 Sleep-giving Poet of a sleepless night;
 Polemic, Politician, Saint, and Wit,
 Now lashing Madan, now defending Pitt;
 Thy praises here shall live, till time be o'er,
 Friend of *King George*, tho' of *King Jesus* more!

The solemnity of this opening is well suited to the dignity of the occasion. The heroes of Homer generally address each other by an appellative marking their affinity to some illustrious personage. The Grecian poet, it must be confessed in such cases, uses a patronymic expressive of the genealogy; as *Pelides*, *Æacides*, *Laertiades*; but it is not absolutely necessary to observe this rule. For M'Pherson, a poet with whom our author is most likely to be intimately acquainted, makes his hero Fingal, address Ossian by the title of "Father of Oscar." It should seem therefore to be sufficient, if in addressing a great man you particularize any celebrated character of the family who may be supposed to reflect honour on his

connections ; and the Reverend Rowland Hill was certainly the most celebrated of our worthy Baronet's relations before the late creation of Lord Berwick, on which the next line happily touches. The other allusions in the apostrophe, to Sir Richard's promiscuous quotations from the Bible and Rochester ; to his elegant compositions in the news-papers, which he calls his *speeches* ; to the verses, which he repeated in the House of Commons ; to a pamphlet against Mr. Madan, by Richard Hill, Esq. and to an elegant parody of *amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*, in the very words adopted by our author ; all these, except indeed the pamphlet, we presume to be too well known to require any illustration. The promise of immortality to the worthy baronet, by means of the present poem, is truly in the spirit of the classics. The modesty of Virgil, indeed on a similar occasion, led him to insert a saving clause of

“ Si quid mea carmina possint,”

but our Poet, with the confidence of superior genius, says to his muse, in the stile of Horace,

————— “ Sume supereriam
Quæsitam meritis.”

Our author seems very fond of Mr. Dundas,
————— Whose exalted soul, ———
No bond of vulgar prejudice controul ;

Of

Of shame unconscious in his bold career,
He spurns that honor which the weak revere, &c. &c.

But as this gentleman's character is so perfectly well understood by the public, we shall rather select a short catalogue of some among the inferior ministerial heroes, who have hitherto been less frequently described.

Mahon, out-roaring torrents in their course,
Banks the precise, and fluent Wilberforce,
Not Arden, and the cooler Scott repair,
And Villiers, comely with the flaxen hair ;
The gentle Grenville's ever-grinning son,
And the dark brow of solemn Hamilton.

These miniatures, as we may call them, present us with the very striking likenesses of the living originals. Lord Mahon perhaps might be an excellent figure for a large portrait ; but most of the others are seen to as much advantage in this small size as they could possibly have been, had they been taken at full length. In the character of Villiers, it is probable that our author may have had in his eye the Nireus of Homer ; who, as the Commentators remark, is celebrated in the catalogue of warriors, for the handsomest man in the Grecian army, and is never mentioned again through the whole twenty-four books of the Iliad.

Nº IV. AUGUST 1784.

A New edition (being the nineteenth) of this universally admired poem, having been recently published, the ingenious author has taken that opportunity to introduce some new lines on an occasion perfectly congenial to his muse, and in the highest degree interesting to the public, namely the late *Fast* and *Thanksgiving*, together with the famous discourse preached in celebration of that day by that illustrious orator and divine, the Reverend *Mr. Secretary Prettyman*.—This Episode which is emphatically termed by himself in his prefatory address to this last edition, his *Episode Parsonic* seems to have been written perfectly *con amore*, and is considered by critics as one of the happiest effusions of the distinguished genius from whose high-wrapped fancy it originated. It consists of nine-and-forty lines, of which, without farther exordium, we shall submit the following extracts to the inspection, or more properly speaking, the admiration of our readers. He sets out with a most spirited compliment to Dr. *Prettyman*. The two first lines are considered by critics as the most successful example of the *alliterative* ornament upon record.

Thou

Thou Prince of Preachers, and thou Prince's Priest ; *
 Pembroke's † pale pride—in Pitt's *præcordia* plac'd,
 —Thy merit shall all future ages scan,
 And PRINCE be lost in PARSON *Prettyman*.

The beauty of the historical allusion, namely to *Prince Prettyman*, need not be pointed out to our readers, and the preface that the fame of this Royal personage shall be lost and absorbed in the rising reputation of the ingenious divine, is peculiarly delicate and well turned. The celebrated passage of Virgil

“ Tu Marcellus eris : ”

is supposed to have been the Poet's recollection at the moment of his conceiving this passage, not that the

“ Oh miserande Puer ! ”

in the preceding line is imagined to have excited any idea of Mr. Pitt.

Our author now pursues his Hero to the pulpit, and there, in imitation of *Homer*, who always takes

* King's Chaplain.

† The Doctor was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge University.

the opportunity for giving a minute description of his *personæ*, when they are on the very verge of entering upon an engagement, he gives a laboured, but animated detail of the Doctor's personal manners and deportment. Speaking of the penetrating countenance for which the Doctor is distinguished, he says,

*Argus could boast an hundred eys, 'tis true,
The Doctor looks an hundred ways with two;
Gimlets they are, that bore you thro' and thro'.* }

This is a very elegant and classic compliment, and shews clearly, what a decided advantage our Reverend Hero possesses over the celebrated *ὀφθαλμοδότης* of antiquity. *Addison* is justly famous in the literary world, for the judgment with which he selects and applies familiar words to great occasions, as in the instances:

—“The great, the important Day,
“*Big* with the fate of Cato, and of Rome—
“The *sun* grows *dim* with age, &c. &c.

This is a very great beauty, for it fares with ideas, as with individuals; we are the more interested in their fate, the better we are acquainted with them, but how inferior is *Addison* in this respect to our author?

Gimlets

Gimlets they are, &c.

There is not such a word in all *Cato*. How well known and domestic the image! How specific and forcible the application!—Our author proceeds: Having described very accurately the file of the Doctor's hair-dressing, and devored ten beautiful lines to an eulogy upon the brilliant on the little finger of his right hand, of which he emphatically says:

No *veal* putrescent, no *whiting's* eye,

In the true water with this ring could vie.

he breaks out in the following most inspired and vigorous apostrophe—

Oh! had you seen his lilly, lilly hand

Stroke his spare cheek, and coax his snow white band!

This adding force to all his pow'rs of speech;

This the protector of his sacred breech;

That point the way to Heav'n's celestial grace,

This keep his *small-clothes* in their proper place.

Oh! how the comely minister you'd prais'd,

As right and sinister by turn he rais'd!

Who does not perceive, in this description, as if before their eyes, the thin figure of emaciated divinity; divided between religion and decorum; anxious to produce some truths, and conceal *others*; at once concerned for *fundamental* points of various kinds; ever at the *bottom* of things.—Who does not see this, and seeing, who does not admire?—The notes that accompany this excellent episode contain admirable instances of our author's profound knowledge in all the literature of our established religion, and shall be produced on the very first opportunity, as a full and decisive proof that his learning is perfectly on a level with his genius, and his religion quite equal to his poetry.

Nº V. SEPTEMBER 1784.

ON Monday last the twentieth edition of this incomparable poem made its appearance, and we may safely venture to predict that it should be followed by an hundred more, while the fertile and inexhaustible genius of the author continues to enrich every new edition with new beauties, they will not fail to run through, with the same rapidity that the former have done, so universal is the enthusiasm prevailing among the genuine lovers of poetry, and all persons

persons of acknowledged taste, with respect to this wonderful and unparalled production.

What chiefly distinguishes this edition, and renders it peculiarly interesting at the present moment, is the admirable description contained in it of the newly appointed India Board; in which the characters of the members composing it are most happily, though perhaps somewhat severely contrasted with those to whom the same high office had been allotted by a former administration. That the feelings of the public are in unison with those of our author upon this occasion, is sufficiently apparent from the frequent panegyrics with which the public papers have of late been filled upon the characters of these distinguished personages. In truth, the superiority of the present excellent administration over their opponents, can in no instance be more clearly demonstrated than by a candid examination of the comparative merits of the persons appointed by each of them to preside in this arduous and important department.

Our author opens this comparison by the following elegant compliment to the accomplished nobleman, whose situation as Secretary of State entitles him to a priority of notice, as the eminence of his abilities will ever ensure him a due superiority of weight in the deliberations of the board.

Sydney.

Sydney, whom all the powers of rhetoric grace,
Consistent Sydney fills Fitzwilliam's place;

O, had by nature but proportion'd been,

His strength of genius to his length of chin,

His mighty mind in some prodigious plan,

At once with ease had reach'd to Indostan!

The idea conveyed in these lines of the possibility of a feature in the human face extending to so prodigious a distance as the East Indies, has been objected to as somewhat hyperbolical: but those who are well acquainted with the person, as well as the character of the noble Lord alluded to, and who are unquestionably the best judges of the *extent* of the compliment, will certainly be of a different opinion; neither indeed is the objection founded in truth, but must have arisen merely from the passage not having been properly understood; it by no means supposes his Lordship to have literally a chin of such preposterous dimensions, as must be imagined, for the purpose of reaching to the East Indies, but figuratively speaking, only purports, that if his Lordship's mental faculties are co-extensive with that distinguished feature of his face, they may readily embrace, and be competent to the consideration of the most distant objects; the meaning of the author is so obvious, that this cavil has probably originated in wilful misapprehension, with a view of detracting from

from the merit of one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem. What reader can refuse his admiration to the following lines, in which the leading features of the characters are so justly, strongly, and at the same time so concisely delineated?

Acute observers, who with skilful ken,
Descry the characters of public men,
Rejoice that pow'r and patronage should pass
From *sobbing* Montagu to *pure* Dundas;
Exchange with pleasure Elliot, Lews'ham, North,
For Mulgrave's tried integrity and worth,
And all must own, that worth compleatly tried,
By turns experienc'd upon every side.

How happy is the selection of epithets in these lines! how forcibly descriptive of the characters to which they are applied!—In the same strain, he proceeds:—

Whate'er experience Gregory might boast,
Say, is not Walsingham himself a host?
His grateful countrymen with joyful eyes,
From Sackville's ashes see this Phoenix rise;
Perhaps with all his master's talents blest,
To save the East, as he subdu'd the West.

The

The historical allusion is here judiciously introduced, and the pleasing prospect hinted at, of the same happy issue attending our affairs in the Eastern, that has already crowned them in the Western world, must afford peculiar satisfaction to the feelings of every British reader.

The next character is most ingeniously described; but, like a former one, containing some *personal* allusions, requires to be fully understood, a more intimate acquaintance with the exterior qualifications of the gentleman in question, than can have fallen to the lot of every reader. All who have had the pleasure of seeing him, however, will immediately acknowledge the resemblance of the portrait.

See next advance, in knowing Fletcher's steed,
A youth, who boasts no common share of head;
What plenteous stores of knowledge may contain
The spacious tenement of Grenville's brain!
Nature, in all her dispensations wise,
Who form'd his head-piece of so vast a size,
Hath not, 'tis true, neglected to bestow
Its due proportion to the part below;
And hence we reason, that to serve the state,
His top and bottom may have equal weight.

Every reader will naturally conceive, that in the description of the principal person of the Board, the
author

author has exerted the whole force of his genius, and he will not find his expectations disappointed; he has reserved him for the last, and has judiciously evaded disgracing him by a comparison to any other, upon the principle, no doubt, quoted from Mr. Theobald, by that excellent critic, Martinus Scriblerus.

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

Double Falsehood.

As he has drawn this character at considerable length, we shall content ourselves with selecting some few of the most striking passages, whatever may be the difficulty of selecting, where almost the whole is equally beautiful; the grandeur of the opening prepares the mind for the sublime sensations suitable to the dignity of a subject so exalted.

Above the rest, majestically great,
Behold the infant Atlas of the state,
The matchless miracle of modern days,
In whom Britannia to the world displays
A sight to make surrounding nations stare,
A kingdom trusted to a school-boy's care!

It is to be observed, to the credit of our author, that although his political principles are unquestionably favourable to the present happy Government,
he

he does not scruple, with that boldness which ever characterizes real genius, to animadvert with freedom on persons of the most elevated rank and station, and he has accordingly interspersed his commendations of our favourite young Minister with much excellent and seasonable counsel, forewarning him of the dangers to which he is by his situation exposed. After having mentioned his introduction into public life, and concurred in that admirable panegyric of his immaculate virtues made in the House of Commons, by a noble Lord already celebrated in the poem, upon which he has the following observation :

——— As Mulgrave, who so fit,
 To chaunt the praises of ingenuous Pitt?
 The nymph unhackney'd, and unknown abroad,
 Is thus commended by the hackney'd bawd.
 The Dupe enraptur'd, views her fancied charms,
 And clasps the maiden mischief to his arms;
 Till dire disease reveals the truth too late,
 O grant my country, Heav'n, a milder fate!

He attends him to the high and distinguished station he now so ably fills, and in a nervous strain of manly eloquence describes the defects of character and conduct to which his situation, and the means by which he came to it, render him peculiarly

culiarly liable. The spirit of the following lines is remarkable :

Oft in one bosom may be found allied,
Excess of meanness, and excess of pride ;
Oft may the Statesman, in St. Stephen's brave,
Sink in St. James's to an abject slave ;
Erect and proud, at Westminster, may fall
Prostrate and pitiful at Leadenhall ;
In word a giant, though a dwarf in deed,
Be led by others, while he seems to lead.

He afterwards with great force describes the lamentable state of humiliation into which he may fall from his present pinnacle of greatness by too great a subserviency to those from whom he has derived it, and appeals to his pride in the following beautiful exclamation :

Shall Chatham's offspring basely beg support,
Now from the India, now St. James's Court ?
With pow'rs admiring Senates to bewitch,
Now kiss a Monarch's—now a Merchant's breech ?
And prove a pupil of St. Omers' school,
Of either *kinson*, *At* or *Jen*, the tool ?

Though cold and cautious criticism may perhaps start at the boldness of the concluding line, and will venture to pronounce it the most masterly stroke of the

the sublime to be met with in this or any other poem, and may be justly said, what Mr. Pope has so happily styled—

“ To snatch a grace beyond the reach of art.”

Essay on Criticism.

As we despair of offering any thing equal to this lofty flight of genius to the reader of true taste, we shall conclude with recommending to him the immediate perusal of the whole poem, and, in the name of an admiring Public, returning our heartfelt thanks to the wonderful author of this invaluable work.

Nº VI NOVEMBER, 1784.

AS we are credibly informed, that many persons of late have in vain enquired of their booksellers for the former impressions of the *Rolliad*, we are happy in being able to give notice, thus early, of a new edition, *the twenty-first*, now preparing for the press with all possible dispatch. This, like many of the preceding, will be enriched with considerable additions; of which we purpose hereafter to give some account. In the mean time, however, to gratify such of our readers, as may have been hitherto unfortunately disappointed in their search after the
work

work itself, we shall present the public with some further extracts from the last edition, accompanied as before, with our observations.

We mentioned long since, that most of the passages intended to be selected for our criticisms, were contained in the sixth book, where *Merlin* by means of a magic lantern, shews to *Duke Rollo* the great characters, cotemporaries, and friends of his illustrious descendant, Mr. Rolle. This book, whether it be from the subject, or, as we sometimes flatter ourselves, from the recommendation of our commentary, has been generally admired, above all the rest; and of consequence, it has been revised, corrected, and improved with uncommon care by the author in the successive editions of the poem. Thus in the *nineteenth*, he introduced for the first time, his *Episode Parsonic*, on the vision of Dr. Prettyman in St. Margaret's pulpit; and in the *twentieth*, the vision of the new Board of Indian Commissioners. At the same time, also, he very much enlarged the description of the House of Commons, with which he judiciously prepares the reader for the exhibition of Mr. Rolle, and the other political heroes of the age on that theatre of their glory. Maps of the country round Troy have been drawn from the *Iliad*; and we doubt not, that a plan of St. Stephen's might now be delineated with the utmost accuracy from the *Rolliad*.

Merlin

Merlin first ushers Duke Rollo into the lobby; marks the situation of the two entrances; one in front, the other communicating laterally with the Court of Requests; and points out the topography of the fire-place and the box.

————— in which
Sits *Pearson*, like a pagod in his niche;
The Gorgom *Pearson*, whose sonorous lungs
With “*Silence! Room there!*” drown an hundred
tongues. ———

This passage is in the very spirit of prophecy, which delights to represent things in the most lively manner. We not only *see*, but *bear Pearson* in the execution of his office. The language too, is truly prophetic; unintelligible, perhaps, to those to whom it is addressed, but perfectly clear, full, and forcible to those who live in the time of the accomplishment. Duke Rollo might reasonably be supposed to stare at the barbarous words, *Pagod* and *Gorgom*; but we, who know one to signify an Indian idol, and the other an Indian instrument of music, perceive at once the peculiar propriety with which such images are applied to an officer of a House of Commons, so completely Indian as the present. A writer of less judgment would have contented himself with comparing *Pearson* singly to a

Statue

Statue in his niche—

and with calling him a *Stentor*, perhaps, in the next line: but such unappropriated similes and metaphors could not satisfy the nice taste of our author.

The description of the lobby also furnishes an opportunity of interspersing a passage of the tender kind, in praise of the Pomona who attends there with oranges. Our poet calls her *Hucstleria*, and, by a dextrous stroke of art, compares her to *Sbiptonia*, whose amours with Rollo form the third and fourth books of the Rolliad.

Behold the lovely wanton, kind and fair,
As bright *Sbiptonia*, late thy tender care?
Mark how her winning smiles, and witching eyes
On yonder unfledg'd orator she tries;
Mark, with what grace she offers to his hand,
The tempting orange, pride of China's land!

This gives rise to a panegyric on the medical virtues of oranges, and an oblique censure on the indecent practice of our young senators, who come down drunk from the eating-room, to sleep in the gallery.

O! take, wife youth, the Hesperian fruit, of use,
Thy lungs to cherish with balsamic juice,

With

With this thy parch'd roof moisten ; nor consume
 Thy hours, and guineas in the eating-room,
 Till, full of claret, down, with wild uproar,
 You reel, and, stretch'd along the gallery, snore.

From this the poet naturally slides into a general caution, against the vice of drunkenness, which he more particularly enforces, by the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril from the farmer at Wandsworth.

Ah ! think, what danger on debauch attends ;
 Let Pitt, once drunk, preach temperance to his
 friends ;

How, as he wander'd, darkling, o'er the plain,
 His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's champagne,
 A rustic's hand, but that just fate withstood,
 Had shed a Premier's for a robber's blood.

We have been thus minute, in tracing the transitions in this inimitable passage, as they display in a superior degree, the wonderful skill of our poet, who could thus bring together an orange-girl, and the present pure and immaculate minister ; a connection, which, it is more than probable, few of our readers would in any wise have suspected.

—————“ *Ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat, ut speciosa de hinc miracula promat.*”

From

From the lobby we are next led into the several committee-rooms, and other offices adjoining; and among the rest, Merlin, like a noble Lord, whose Diary was some time since printed, *takes occasion to inspect the water-closets,*

Where offerings, worthy of those altars; lie;
Speech, letter, narrative, remark, reply,
With dead born taxes, innocent of ill,
With cancell'd clauses of the India bill;
There *pious Northcote's meek rebukes*, and here
The lofty nothings of the *Scrutineer*;
And reams on reams of tracts, that without pain,
Incessant spring from *Scott's* prolific brain.
Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?
Turn then, my son, &c. &c.

This passage will probably surprise many of our readers, who must have discovered our author to be, as every good and wise man must be, firmly attached to the present system. It was natural for Dante to send his enemies to hell; but it seems strange that our poet should place the writings of his own friends and fellow-laborers in a water-closet. It has indeed been hinted to us, that it might arise from envy to find some of them better rewarded for their exertions in the cause than himself. But though great minds

have sometimes been subject to this passion, we cannot suppose it to have influenced the author of the *Rolliad* in the present instance. For in that case we doubt not he would have shewn more tenderness to his fellow sufferer, the unfortunate Mr. Northcote, who, after sacrificing his time, degrading his profession, and hazarding his ears twice or thrice every week, for these two or three years past, has at length confessed his patriotism weary of employing his talents for the good of his country, without receiving the reward of his labors. To confess the truth, we ourselves think the apparent singularity of the poet's conduct on this occasion, may be readily ascribed to that independence of superior genius, which we noticed in our last number. We there remarked, with what becoming freedom he spoke to the minister himself; and in the passage now before us, we may find traces of the same spirit, in the allusions to the coal-tax, gauze-tax, and ribbon-tax, as well as the unexampled alterations and corrections of the celebrated India Bill. Why then should it appear extraordinary, that he should take the same liberty with two or three brother-authors, which he had before taken with their master; and without scruple intimate, what he and every one else must think of their productions, notwithstanding he may possess all possible charity for the good intention of their endeavours? We cannot dismiss these criticisms without

out observing on the concluding lines, how happily our author here again, as before by the mention of *Shiptonia*, contrives to recall our attention to the personages more immediately before us, *Merlin*, and *Duke Rollo*!

No. VII. NOVEMBER 1784.

WE come now to the SANCTUM SANCTORUM, *the Holy of Holies*, where the glory of political integrity shines visibly, since the shrine has been purified from Lord *John Cavendish*, Mr. *Fo'jambe*, Mr. *Coke*, Mr. *Baker*, Major *Hartley*, and the rest of its pollutions. To drop our metaphor, after taking a minute survey of the lobby, peeping into the eating-room, and inspecting the water-closets, we are at length admitted into the House itself. The transition here is peculiarly grand and solemn. *Merlin*, having corrected himself for wasting so much time on insignificant objects,

(Yet wherefore to this age should names be known,
But heard, and then forgotten in their own?)

immediately directs the attention of *Rollo* to the doors of the House, which are represented in the vision, as opening at that moment to gratify the hero's curiosity,

osity; then the prophet suddenly cries out, in the language of ancient religion,

—————*Procul ô procul este profani!*

Turn then, my sons, where to thy hallow'd eye
Yon doors unfold—Let none prophane be nigh!

It seems, as if the poet in the preceding descriptions had purposely stooped to amuse himself with the *Gomgom*, *Pearson*, *Hucsteria*, *Major Scott*, *Mr. Northcote*, and the *Reverend author of the Scrutineer*, that he might rise again with the more striking dignity on this great occasion.

Such of our readers as are acquainted with the old editions of the *Rolliad*, must certainly remember the descriptions of the bar, the gallery for strangers to sit in, and members to sleep in, the clock, the mace, and the *Speaker's chair*. These have undergone little or no alteration, except, perhaps in one or two places, the correction of an inaccurate rhyme, or a feeble epithet. We shall therefore pass them over in silence, and proceed directly to the *Treasury Bench*:

Where sit the gowned Clerks, by antient rule,
This on a chair, and that upon a stool;
Where stands the well pil'd table, cloath'd in green;
There on the left the *Treasury-bench* is seen.

No

No fatten covering decks th' unsightly boards ;
 No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.
 And claim illustrious bums such small regard ?
 Ah ! bums too tender for a seat so hard !

The four first lines of the above quotation include all that was originally said of the Treasury Bench. The four last are entirely new. Nor, we trust, will their beauty be found inferior to their novelty. They touch on a subject of much offence to the young friends of the minister ; we mean, the barbarous and gothic appearance of the benches in the House of Commons. The Treasury Bench itself looks no better than *a first form in one of our public schools.*

No fatten covering decks th' unsightly boards ;
 No velvet cushion holds the youthful Lords.

This couplet states with much elegance the matter of complaint, and glances with equal dexterity at the proper remedy. The composition is then judiciously varied, and the whole art of the poet is employed to interest our feelings in favour of the necessary innovation.

“ And claim illustrious bums such small regard ?
 “ Ah ! bums too tender for a seat so hard ! ”

Every critic knows the interrogation to be a figure of the most powerful effect. Hence it is not unfrequently employed by *Virgil* to give point to a reflection, as

“Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?”

And if our readers are desirous of seeing its full force in the present instance, they have only to substitute the following verse, which expresses the same sentiment in a more direct manner,

“Illustrious bums might merit more regard.”

How flat, how spiritless this, in comparison of the other? Nor is the interrogation the only strong figure employed in this admirable passage. This is immediately succeeded by an interjection, with an exclamation of the most pathetic kind.

Ah! bums too tender for a seat so hard!

Who can read the first line of the couplet without feeling his sense of national honour most deeply injured by the supposed indignity? and who can read the last without melting into the most unfeigned commiseration for the actual suffering, to which the youthful Lords are at present exposed? It must, doubtless, be a seasonable relief to the minds of our readers

readers to be informed, that Mr. Pitt, as it has been said in some of the daily papers, means to propose for one article of his *Parliamentary Reform*, to cover the seats in general with crimson sattin, and to decorate the Treasury Bench in particular with cushions of crimson velvet; one of extraordinary dimensions being to be appropriated to Mr. *W. Grenville*.

The epithet *tender* in the last line we were at first disposed to consider as merely synonymous with *youthful*. But a friend, to whom we repeated the passage, suspected that the word might bear some more emphatical sense; and this conjecture indeed seems to be established beyond doubt, by the original reading in the manuscript, which has since been obligingly communicated to us.

Alas! that bums so late by pedants scarr'd,
Sore from the rod, should suffer seats so hard!

We give these verses, not as admitting any comparison with the text as it now stands, but merely by way of commentary, to illustrate the Poet's meaning.

From the *Treasury Bench*, we ascend one step to the *India Bench*.

There too, in place advanc'd, as in command,
 Above the beardless rulers of the land,
 On a bare bench, alas ! exalted sit,
 The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt ;
 Delights of Asia, ornaments of man,
 Thy Sovereign's Sovereigns, happy Hindostan !

This passage has been so much changed, as to be rendered in a manner perfectly new. The movement of the lines is, as the subject required, more elevated than that of the preceding : yet the prevailing sentiment excited by the description of the Treasury Bench, is artfully touched by our author, as he passes, in the Hemistich.

On a bare bench, alas ! —

Which is a beautiful imitation of Virgil's

——— Ah ! filice in nudâ.

The pompous titles so liberally bestowed on the *Bengal Squad*, as the *penniless hirelings* of Opposition affect to call them, are truly Oriental taste ; and we doubt not, but every friend to the present happy Government will readily agree in the justice of filling them, *pillars of Prerogative and Pitt, delights of Asia, and ornaments of man* ; neither, we are assured, can
 any

any man of any party object to the last of their high dignities, *Sovereigns of the Sovereigns of India*, since the Company's well known sale of *Shah Allum* to his own Vizir is an indisputable proof of their supremacy over the Great Mogul.

As our author has been formerly accused of plagiarism, we must here in candour confess, that he seems, in his description of the India Bench, to have had an eye to *Milton's* account of the *Devil's throne*, which, however, we are told, much exceeded the possible splendor of any India Bench, or even the magnificence of Mr. Hastings himself.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus, or of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East, with lavish hand,
 Show'rs on her King, barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted fate. —————

This concluding phrase, our readers will observe, is exactly and literally copied by our author. It is also worthy of remark, that as he calls the *Bengal Squad*,

The pillars of Prerogative and Pitt,

So *Milton* calls *Beelzebub*,

A pillar of state —————

K 5

Though

Though it is certain that the expression here quoted may equally have been suggested by one of the Persian titles, said to be engraved on a seal of Mr. *Hastings*, where we find the Governor-General stiled, *Pillar of the Empire*. But we shall leave it to our readers to determine, as they may think proper, on the most probable source of the metaphor, whether it were in reality derived from *Beelzebub* or Mr. *Hastings*.

From the above general compliment to the India-bench, the Poet, in the person of *Merlin*, breaks out into the following animated apostrophe to some of the principal among our Leadenhall-street Governors :

All hail ! ye virtuous patriots without blot,
The minor Kinson, and the major Scott ;
And thou of name uncount to British ear,
From Norman smugglers sprung, Le Mesurier.
Hail, Smiths ! and Wraxhall, unabash'd to talk,
'Tho' none will listen ! hail too, Call and Palk ;
'Tis thou, Barwell, just and good, whose honour'd name,
Wide as the Ganges rolls, shall live in fame,
Second to Hastings, and Vansittart, thou
A second Hastings, if the Fates allow.

The bold, but truly poetical *apocope*, by which the Messrs. *Atkinson* and *Jenkinson* are called the two *kin-*
sons,

sons, is already familiar to the public. The *minor Kinson*, or *Kinson the less*, is obviously *Mr. Atkinson*; *Mr. Jenkinson* being confessedly greater than *Mr. Atkinson*, or any other man, except ONE, in the kingdom.—The antithesis of the *Major Scott* to the *minor Kinson*, seems to ascertain the sense of the word *Major*, as signifying in this place *the greater*; it might mean also *the elder*; or it might equally refer to the military rank of the gentleman intended. This is a beautiful example of the figure so much admired by the antients under the name of the *Paronomasia*, or *Pun*. They who recollect the light in which our author before represented *Major Scott*, as a pamphleteer, fit only to furnish a *water closet*, may possibly wonder to find him here mentioned as THE GREATER *Scott*; but whatever may be his literary talents, he must be acknowledged to be truly great, and worthy of the conspicuous place assigned him in his capacity of agent to *Mr. Hastings*, and of consequence chief manager of the *Bengal Squad*; and it must be remembered that this is the character in which we are now considering him. The circumstance of *Mr. Le Mesurier's* origin from *Norman smugglers* has been erroneously supposed by some critics to be designed for a reproach; but they could not possibly have fallen into this mistake, if they had for a moment reflected that it is addressed by *Merlin* to *Rollo*, who was

himself no more than a *Norman pirate*. *Smuggling* and *piracy* in heroic times were not only esteemed not infamous, but absolutely honourable. The *Smiths*, *Call* and *Palk* of our poet resemble the

Aleandrunque, *Haliumque*, *Noëmonaque*, *Prytanimque*,

of *Homer* and *Virgil*; who introduce those gallant warriors for the sake of a smooth verse, and dispatch them at a stroke without the distinction of a single epithet. Our Poet too has more professedly imitated *Virgil* in the lines respecting Mr. *Vanfittart*, now a candidate to succeed Mr. *Hastings*.

—And, Vanfittart, thou
A second *Hastings*, if the Fates allow.

—Si quæ fata aspera rumpas,

Tu Marcellus eris!

The passage however is, as might be hoped from the genius of our author, obviously improved in the imitation; as it involves a climax, most happily expressed. Mr. *Barwell* has been panegyricized in the lines immediately foregoing, as *second to Hastings*; inferior to Mr. *Hastings* alone in virtues; but of Mr. *Vanfittart* it is prophesied, that he will be a *second Hastings*; second indeed in time, but equal perhaps

in the distinguishing merits of that great and good man, in obedience to the Court of Directors, attention to the interests of the Company in preference to his own, abstinence from rapacity and extortion, justice, and policy towards the Princes, and humanity of all the natives of Hindostan. The ingenuous turn on the words, *second to Hastings*, and a *second Hastings*, would have furnished matter for whole pages to the Dionysius's, Longinus's, and Quintilians of antiquity, though the affected delicacy of modern taste may condemn it as quibble and jingle.

We shall conclude this number by inserting, without any comment, our author's new project for the improvement of the India bench, with which he closes the apostrophe above quoted.

Oh ! that for you, in Oriental state,
At ease reclin'd, to watch the long debate,
Beneath the gallery's pillar'd height were spread,
(With the Queen's leave) your Warren's ivory bed !

N^o VIII. DECEMBER, 1784.

IN every new edition of this incomparable poem, it has been the invariable practice of the author, to take an opportunity of adverting to such recent circumstances, as have occurred since the original publication of it, relative to any of the illustrious characters he has celebrated. The public has lately been assured, that the Marquis of Graham is elected Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and has presented that learned body with a complete set of the engravings of Piranesi, an eminent Italian artist; of which, we are happy to acquaint the diletanti, a few remaining sets are to be purchased at Mr. Alderman Boydell's printshop, in Cheapside, price twelve pounds twelve shillings each. An anecdote reflecting so much honour upon one of the favourite characters of our author, could not pass unnoticed in the *Rolliad*; and accordingly, in his last edition, we find the following complimentary lines upon the subject:

If right the Bard, whose numbers sweetly flow,
That all our knowledge is ourselves to know;

A sage

A sage like Graham, can the world produce;
Who in full senate call'd himself a goose?
Th' admiring Commons, from the high-born
youth,
With wonder heard this undisputed truth;
Exulting Glasgow claim'd him for her own,
And plac'd the prodigy on Learning's throne.

He then alludes to the magnificent present above-mentioned, and concludes in that happy vein of alliterative excellence, for which he is so justly admired——

With gorgeous gifts from gen'rous Graham grac'd,
Great Glasgow grows the granary of taste.

Our readers will doubtless recollect, that this is not the first tribute of applause paid to the distinguished merit of the public-spirited young Nobleman in question. In the first edition of the poem, his character was drawn at length, the many services he has rendered his country were enumerated, and we have lately been assured by our worthy friend and correspondent, Mr. Malcolm M'Gregor, the ingenious author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, and other valuable poems, that the following spirited verses, recording the ever-memorable circumstance of his Lordship's having procured for the

the inhabitants of the Northern extremity of our Island, the inestimable privilege of exempting their posteriors from those ignominious symbols of slavery, vulgarly denominated *breeches*, are actually universally repeated with enthusiasm, throughout every part of the Highlands of Scotland—

Thee, Graham! thee, the frozen Chieftains bless,
 Who feel thy bounties thro' their fav'rite dress!
 By thee they view their rescu'd country clad,
 In the bleak honours of their long-lost plaid;
 Thy patriot zeal has bar'd their parts behind,
 To the keen whistlings of the wint'ry wind;
 While Lairds the dirk, while lasses bag-pipes prize,
 And oat-meal cake the want of bread supplies;
 The scurvy skin, while scaly scabs enrich,
 While contact gives, and brimstone cures the itch,
 Each breeze that blows upon those brawny parts,
 Shall wake thy lov'd remembrance in their hearts;
 And while they freshen from the Northern blast,
 So long thy honour, name, and praise shall last.

We

We need not call to the recollection of the classical reader,

Dum juga mentis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque mane-
bunt.

And the reader of taste will not hesitate to pronounce, that the copy has much improved upon, and very far surpassed the original: in these lines we also find the most striking instances of the beauties of alliteration; and however some fastidious critics have affected to undervalue this excellence, it is no small triumph to those of a contrary sentiment to find, that next to our own incomparable author, the most exalted genius of the present age has not disdained to borrow the assistance of this ornament, in many passages of the beautiful dramatic treasure with which he has recently enriched the stage. Is it necessary for us to add, that it is the new tragedy of the Carmelite to which we allude?—A tragedy, the beauties of which, we will venture confidently to assert, will be admired and felt, when those of Shakespeare, Dryden, Otway, Southerne, and Rowe, shall be no longer held in estimation. As examples of alliterative beauty, we shall select the following:—

The

The hand of Heav'n hangs o'er me and my house,
To their untimely graves seven sons swept off,

Again,—

So much for tears—tho' twenty years they flow,
They wear no channels in a widow's cheeks.

The alternate alliteration of the second line, in this instance, seems an improvement upon the art, to the whole merit of which Mr. Cumberland is himself unquestionably entitled.

Afterwards we read,

—— Treasures hoarded up,
With carking care, and a long life of thrift.

In addition to the alliterative merit, we cannot here fail to admire the judiciously selected epithet of *carking*; and the two lines immediately following, although no example of that merit, should not be omitted.

Now, without interest, or redemption swallow'd,
By the devouring bankrupt waves for ever.

How

How striking is the comparison of the ocean, to a bankrupt swallowing without interest or redemption, the property of his unfortunate creditors? where shall we find a simile of equal beauty, unless some may possibly judge the following to be so, which is to be found in another part of the same sublime work, of two persons weeping——

————— We will sit,
Like fountain statues, face to face opposed,
And each to other tell our griefs in tears,
Yet neither utter word—————

Our readers, we trust, will pardon our having been diverted from the task we have undertaken, by the satisfaction of dwelling on a few of the many beauties of this justly popular and universally admired tragedy, which in our humble opinion infinitely surpasses every other theatrical composition, being in truth an assemblage of every possible dramatic excellence; nor do we believe, that any production, whether of ancient or modern date, can exhibit a more uncommon and peculiar selection of language, a greater variety of surprising incidents, a more rapid succession of extraordinary discoveries, a more curious collection of descriptions, similes, metaphors, images, storms, shipwrecks, challenges, and visions, or a more miscellaneous and striking picture

picture of the contending passions of love, hatred, piety, madness, rage, jealousy, remorse, and hunger, than this unparalleled performance presents to the admiration of the enraptured spectator. Mr. Cumberland has been represented, perhaps unjustly, as particularly jealous of the fame of his cotemporaries, but we are persuaded he will not be offended when, in the ranks of modern writers, we place him second only to the inimitable author of the *Rolliad*.

To return from the digression into which a subject so seducing has involuntarily betrayed us, the reader will recollect that in our last we left Merlin gratifying the curiosity of Rollo, with a view of that Assembly of which he is himself one day destined to become so conspicuous an ornament. After having given the due preference to the India Bench, he proceeds to point out to him others of the most distinguished supporters of the present virtuous Administration. Having already mentioned the most confidential friends of the Minister, he now introduces us to the acquaintance of an active young Member, who has upon all occasions been pointedly severe upon the noble Lord in the blue ribbon, and who is remarkable for never having delivered his sentiments upon any subject, whether relating to the East Indies, the Reform of Parliament, or the Westminster Election, without a copious dissertation upon the
princi-

principles, causes, and conduct of the American war.

Lo ! Beaufoy rises, friend to soft repose ;
 Whose gentle accents prompt the House to dose ?
 His cadence just, a gen'ral sleep provokes
 Almost as quickly as Sir Richard's jokes.
 Thy slumbers, North, he strives in vain to break,
 When all are sleeping thou would'st scarce awake ;
 Though from his lips severe invectives fell,
 Sharp as the acid he delights to sell.

In explanation of the last line, it may be perhaps necessary to apprise our readers that this accomplished orator, although the elegance of his diction, and smoothness of his manner, partake rather of the properties of oil, is in his commercial capacity, a dealer in vinegar. The speaker alluded to under the name of Sir Richard, is probably the same whom our author, upon a former occasion, stiled——

Sleep-giving poet of a sleepless night.

The limits of our paper will not allow us to enlarge upon the various beauties with which this part of the work abounds ; we cannot, however, omit the pathetic description of the Speaker's situation, nor the admirable comparison of Lord Mahon preying

ing on his patience, to the vulture devouring the liver of Prometheus. The necessity of the Speaker's continuing in the chair while the House sits, naturally reminds our author of his favourite Virgil :

—— fedit æternumque fedebit

Infelix Theseus ——

There Cornwall sits, and, oh ! unhappy fate !
Must sit for ever through the long debate ;
Save, when compell'd by Nature's sov'reign will,
Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.
Painful pre-eminence ! he hears, 'tis true,
Fox, North, and Burke, but hears Sir Joseph too.

Then follows the simile——

Like sad Prometheus, fasten'd to his rock,
In vain he looks for pity to the clock ;
In vain th' effects of strength'ning porter tries,
And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies ;
While vulture like, the dire Mahon appears,
And, far more savage, rends his soft'ning ears.

P. S. The Commentator on the Rolliad having observed that his criticisms have lately been compiled and published in the form of a pamphlet, begs leave to say that his respect for the public would never have permitted him to offer them, in so imperfect

perfect and undigested a state, to their inspection. That he is in no shape concerned in that publication, will appear from the many errors and typographical mistakes contained in it. It is true that many of his friends, biassed no doubt by their partiality, have urged him to collect, and after having revised, to publish them; and, as a farther inducement, the illustrious hero of the Poem, Mr. Rolle, has graciously condescended to give him his permission to dedicate them to him, which last circumstance, so flattering to the commentator, may perhaps prevail upon him to offer them to the public whenever they shall be completed.

Nº IX. JANUARY, 1784.

OUR author, in the progress of his plan, which, like that of Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, has the universe for its scene, and *angels* for its agents, has at last arrived at an object whom all the world will acknowledge every way worthy of the writer; a fit hero for such a poet.

————— dignus vindice nodus —————

will be the common sentiment of all mankind, when it is related that the sublime builder of "The Rolliad" (for surely the *conditor carminum* was never so well

well applied to any individual before) has selected his Grace the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, Earl Percy, Lord Loraine, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Counties of Middlesex and Northumberland, Vice Admiral of Northumberland, President of the Middlesex Hospital and Westminster Dispensary, a Vice President of the Small Pox Hospital, and a Trustee of the British Museum, as the next subject of his distinction, or in other words, as the next theme of his panegyric, for from an author the least notice is *immortality*.

We have accompanied the introduction of the noble Duke's name, as our readers will perceive, with a pretty correct enumeration of his virtues, as Duke of N. Earl of P. &c. &c. but how would our faint powers have been equal to the task of giving them that brilliancy of setting, which marks and ever will, and ever must mark the poetic jewelry of our eternal bard, who

Non ante vulgatas per artes

adds new charms to every theme he honours with its touch, and has the dexterity of making

“Vigour more strong, and beauty's self more fair.”

He confesses, however, that he shrunk a little at first from the contemplation of such surpassing grandeur,

deur, as the blazing virtues of the noble Duke; but soon deriving comfort from the recollection of those leading authorities, "that a cat may look at a King," and "that an eagle can survey the sun," he determined to proceed. He felt particular pleasure in calling to mind the famous comparison in the eleventh *Ænied* of Virgil, wherein an eagle is represented to take a *snake* in his talons, to contend with him for some time in the air; after some struggle and difficulty to obtain a decisive victory, and then,

—simul æthera verberat alis—

"Thus," adds this great author in his annotations, "having got the better of all initiatory dangers, I flattered myself, that I and my hero would rise together; and that I, like a *Pierian Eagle*, and he, like a true, *Aristocratic Snake*, would mount with reciprocal stimulus in company.

The author condescends just in this part to quote from a scribbler of the fifteenth century, Mr. *William Shakespeare*, and thus most passionately exclaims, as he essays to encounter the mighty subject of his rapture.

Oh! for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of invention!

L

A king

A kingdom for a stage, Princes to act,
 And Monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 Then should the high and many-titled HUGO
 Assume the port of *Plutus*——

———Pardon, gentles all,
 The flat, unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,
 On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
 So *great* an object.

The Poet now proceeds to the promised detail of the noble Duke's transcendencies. He speaks in proper terms of his unbounded and disinterested benevolence—of his undescribable contempt of parade, and all the little weak varieties of *lordly* ostentation; of his humility; his generous attachment to his Sovereign, which the author demonstrates by the circumstance of his having served his Majesty for some years in the character of a principal menial, at a time when he was not in the receipt of more than 60,000 pounds per annum; did not get more than 4000l. a year for the execution of the employment, and had hardly a leg to stand upon; the uncommon reverence and affection which is borne his Grace by all mankind, and particularly *by those who know him best*; his unexampled patronage of literature, considering the contracted limits of his means; his total exemption from fordid feelings of *all* sorts; his exertions

exertions in behalf of his country; and particularly in *support of the purity of its democracy, &c. &c.*

Our author, now making a very easy and natural transition from the noble Duke's *patriotism in general*, to his constitutional abhorrence of all *borough manufactory in particular*, grows inflamed with the contemplation of such uncommon excellencies; finds himself unable to restrain the fury of his admiration; perceives his *Pegasus* running away with him; foams, blows, and frets, till half-choaked with the generous rage that had seized him, he begins to feel, for the first time, his power sink beneath the vast bulk of his subject, and that for once in his life

———— materia superavit opus.

His wonder works itself off in *hemistichs*; in little poetic spasms; in half lines, such as the learned reader knows ever characterise the poetry of the ancient classics, in situations of difficulty and passion, and all that his labouring muse is capable of bearing is such half formed abortions as the following —

How shall I find words? —————

What power in language! —————

Assist me, all ye nine! —————

Description's self is lame. —————

He concludes this strain of convulsive harmony with a parody

A Muse! a Muse!—my kingdom for a Muse!

Recollecting just at this moment that there were other parts of this great man's character, though perhaps less susceptible of poetical ornament, yet better calculated for general entertainment, he suddenly takes leave of his *heroics*; and bearing in mind that the fame of the noble house of *Percy* had been rather transmitted to posterity on account of their *actions*, than by the studied puffs of their historians, he instantly determines upon telling a story, and judiciously adopting a new measure suited to the new occasion (for no author understands better

—reddere convenientia cuique,—

than the immortal writer of the *Rolliad*) he thus proceeds:

A T A L E.

At Brookes's once it so fell out
The box was push'd with glee about;
With mirth reciprocal inflam'd,
'Twas said, they rather *play'd* than *gam'd*;
A gen'rous impulse through them ran,
And *seem'd* to actuate ev'ry man;

But

But as all human pleasures tend
 At some sad moment to an end,
 The hour at last approach'd, when lo
 'Twas time for every one to go.
 —Now, for the first time it was seen,
 A certain sum unown'd had been;
 To no man's spot directly fix'd,
 But plac'd—ambiguously betwixt;
 So doubtfully indeed it lay,
 That none with confidence could say
 This cash is mine—I'm certain on't
 —But most declin'd with—"Sir, I won't,
 "I can't in conscience, urge a right,
 "To what I am not certain quite."

Northumbria's Duke, who wish'd to put
 An end to this polite dispute,
 Whose generous nature yearn'd to see
 The smallest shew of enmity.
 Arose and said—"This cash is mine;
 "For being ask'd to day to dine,
 "You see I'm furbelow'd and fine;
 "With full made sleeves and pendent lace,
 "Rely on't, this was just the case,
 "That when by chance my arm I mov'd,
 "The money from me then I shov'd;
 "This clearly shews how it was shifted."
 Thus said—the rhino then he lifted,—

“ Hold, hold, my Lord”—says thoughtless **HART**,
 Who never made his purse his care;
 A man who thought that money’s use
 Was real comfort to produce,
 And all the pleasures scorn’d to know,
 Which from its *snug* enjoyments flow;
 Such as still charm their gladden’d eyes,
 Who feel the bliss of avarice.

“ Hold, hold, my Lord—how is it known

“ This cash is certainly your own?

“ We each might urge as good a plea,

“ Or Fox, or Sheridan, or me;

“ But we, tho’ less it were to blame,

“ Disdain’d so pitiful a claim.

“ Then here let me be arbitrator.

“ I vote the money to the Waiter.”

Thus oft will generous Folly think,

But Prudence parts not so with chink.

On this occasion so it was,

For gravely thus my Lord Duke says:

“ Consider, Sir, how great the sum,

“ To full eight guineas it will come:

“ Shall I, for your quaint verbal play,

“ Consign a whole estate away?

“ Unjust! ridiculous! absurd!

“ I will not do it on my word;

“ Yet rather than let fools deride,

“ I give my *fiat* to divide;

“ So

" So 'twixt the Waiter and myself,
 " Place equal portions of the pelf :
 " Thus eighty shillings give to Ralph,
 " To *Alnwick's Duke* the other half."

Hare and the rest (imprudent croud !)

At this decision laugh'd aloud :

" What," say these wild unthinking men,
 " Are you and *Ralph* so equal then ?
 " Will *Percy's* noble house descend
 " To take a Waiter for a friend ?
 " Or he who plenty never lacks,
 " Thus with a *Scrub*, go meanly snacks,
 " And be partaker in a gain,
 " That e'en the prouder poor disdain ?"
 " Rail if you like, replied the Duke,
 " Then to himself his portion took."

Thus, spite of all the witless rakes,
 The Duke and Waiter part the stakes.

M O R A L S.

1. This maxim, then, ye spendthrifts know,
 'Tis money makes the mare to go.
2. By no wise man be this forgot,
 A penny fav'd's a penny got.
3. This rule keep ever in your head,
 Half a loaf's better than no bread.

L 4

4. Though

4. Though some may rail, and others laugh,
In your own hand still keep the staff.
5. Forget not, Sirs, since fortune's fickle,
Many a little makes a muckle.
6. By gay men's counsels be not thwarted ;
Fools and their money soon are parted.
7. Save, save, ye prudent—who can know ?
How soon the high may be quite low ?
8. Of Christian virtues hear the sum,
True charity begins at home.
9. Neglect not farthings, careless elves,
Shillings and pounds will guard themselves.
10. Get cash with honour if you can,
But still to get it be your plan.

Suc an incident so admirably related as the reader has perceived the above to be, can require no inducement of collateral testimony for the most implicit belief of it, and can receive no illustration or ornament from the most elaborate criticism.

No. X. JANUARY 1785.

ALTHOUGH in our last number, as well for the sake of variety as of an opportunity to display the universality of our Author's genius, we gratified the reader

reader with a specimen of his talents in a metre different from that in which we have hitherto been accustomed to admire him, we have by no means exhausted the beauties of that part of his work in which the characters of the leading Members of the House of Commons are so poetically and forcibly delineated : what can be more sublime or picturesque than the following description :

Erect in person, see yon knight advance,
 With trusty 'squire, who bears his shield and lance,
 The Quixotte Howard ! Royal Windsor's pride,
 And Sancho Panca Powney by his side :
 A monarch's champion, with indignant frown
 And haughty mien, he casts his gauntlet down ;
 Majestic sits, and hears devoid of dread,
 The dire Philippicks whizzing round his head :
 Your venom'd shafts, ye sons of Faction spare,
 However keen, they cannot enter there.

And how well do these lines, immediately succeeding, describe the manner of speaking of an orator of such considerable *weight* and authority !

He speaks, he speaks ! Sedition's chiefs around,
 With unfeign'd terror hear the solemn sound,
 While little Powney cheers with livelier note,
 And shares his triumph in a silent vote.

Some have ignorantly objected to this as an instance of that figure for which a neighbouring kingdom is so generally celebrated, vulgarly distinguished by the the appellation of a Bull, erroneously conceiving a silent vote to be incompatible with the vociferation here alluded to; those, however, who have attended parliamentary debates, will inform them, that numbers who most loudly exert themselves, in what is called *cheering* speakers, are not upon that account, entitled to be themselves considered as such.—Our author has indeed done injustice to the worthy member in question, by classing him among the number of mutes, having uniformly taken a very active part in all debates relating to the militia, of which truly constitutional body, he is a most respectable Pillar, and one of the most conspicuous ornaments.

It is unquestionably the highest praise we can bestow upon a member of the British House of Commons, to say, that he is a faithful representative of the people, and upon all occasions speaks the real sentiments of his constituents; nor can an honest ambition to attain the first dignities of the states, by honourable means, be ever imputed to him as a crime; the following encomium therefore, must be acknowledged to have been justly merited by a noble Lord, whose *independent* and *disinterested* conduct has
drawn

drawn upon him the censures of disappointed faction.

The Noble Convert, Berwick's honour'd choice,
That faithful echo of the people's voice,
One day to gain an Irish title glad,
For Fox he voted—so the people bade;
'Mongst English Lords ambitious grown to fit,
Next day the people bade him vote for Pitt:
To join the stream, our Patriot nothing loth,
By turns discreetly gave his voice to both.

The title of Noble Convert, which was bestowed upon his Lordship by a Speaker of the degraded Whig faction, is here most judiciously adopted by our Author, implying thereby that this denomination, intended, no doubt to convey a severe reproach, ought rather to be considered as a subject of panegyric: this is turning the artillery of the enemy against themselves—

“ Neque lex est justior ulla, &c.”

In the next character introduced, some persons may perhaps object on the seeming impropriety of alluding to a bodily defect; especially one who has been the consequence of a most cruel accident; but when it is considered that the mention of the personal imperfection is made the vehicle of an elegant compli-

ment to the superior qualifications of the mind, this objection, tho' founded in liberality, will naturally fall to the ground.

The circumstance of one of the Representatives of the first city in the world having lost his leg, while bathing in the sea, by the bite of a shark, is well known; nor can the dexterity with which he avails himself of the use of an artificial one, have escaped the observation of those who have seen him in the House of Commons, any more than the remarkable humility with which he is accustomed to introduce his very pointed and important observations upon the matters in deliberation before that august assembly.

“ One moment's time might I presume to beg?”

Cries modest Watson, on his wooden leg;

That Leg, in which such wond'rous art is shewn,

It almost seems to serve him like his own;

Oh! had the monster, who for breakfast eat

That luckless limb, his nobler noddle met,

The best of workmen, nor the best of wood,

Had scarce supply'd him with a head so good.

To have asserted that neither the utmost extent of human skill, nor the greatest perfection in the materials, could have been equal to an undertaking so arduous,

arduous, would have been a species of adulation so fulsome, as to have shocked the known modesty of the worthy magistrate; but the forcible manner in which the difficulty of supplying so *capital* a loss is expressed, conveys, with the utmost delicacy, a handsome, and, it must be confessed, a most justly merited compliment to the Alderman's abilities.

The imitation of celebrated writers is recommended by Longinus, and has, as our readers must have frequently observed, been practised with great success, by our author, yet we cannot help thinking that he has pushed the precept of this great critic, somewhat too far in having condescended to copy, may we venture to say with too much servility, a genius so much inferior to himself as Mr. Pope, in the following lines:

Can I Newhaven, Ferguson forget,
While Roman spirit charms, or Scottish wit?
Macdonald, shining a refulgent star
To light alike the senate and the bar,
And Harley, constant to support the throne,
Great follower of its interests, and his own.

The substitution of Scottish for Attic, in the second line, is unquestionably an improvement, since however Attic wit may have been proverbial in ancient times

times, the natives of Scotland are confessedly distinguished among modern nations for this quality, that the alteration certainly adds considerable force to the compliment.

However happily and justly the characters are here described, we cannot think this merit sufficient to counterbalance the objection we have presumed to suggest, and which is principally founded upon the extreme veneration and high respect we entertain for the genius of our author. Mr. Addison has observed, that Virgil falls infinitely short of Homer in the characters of his Epic Poem, both as to their variety and novelty, but he could not with justice have said the same of the author of the *Rolliad*; and we will venture to assert, that the single book of this Poem, now under our consideration, is, in this respect, superior to the whole, both of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* together. The characters succeed each other with a rapidity that scarcely allows the reader time to admire and feel their several beauties.

Galloway and Gideon, in themselves a host,
Of York and Coventry the splendid boast,
Whitbread and Ongley, pride of Bedford's vale,
This fam'd for selling, that for saving ale;

And

And N——y P——t, as the morning fair,
 Bright as the sun, but common as the air;
 Inconstant nymph! who still with open arms,
 To ev'ry Minister devotes her charms.

But when the Poet comes to describe the character of the hero of his work, the present Member for the county of Devon, whom Merlin points out to his illustrious ancestor, as uniting in himself all the various merits of the worthies whose excellencies he has recorded, he seems to rise even above himself.—It is impossible to do justice to his character, without transcribing the whole, which would exceed the limits of our work; we shall therefore only give to our readers the concluding lines, because they contain characteristic observations upon other distinguished Members, most of whom have hitherto passed unnoticed.

In thee, my son, shall ev'ry virtue meet
 To form both senator and man complete,
 A mind like Wray's, with stores of fancy fraught,
 The wise Sir Watkin's vast extent of thought,
 Old Nugent's style, sublime, yet ne'er obscure,
 With B—— Grammar, as his conscience pure,
 Brett's brilliant fallies, Martin's sterling sense;
 And Gilbert's wit, that never gave offence.

Like

Like Wilkes, a zealot in his sov'reign's cause,
 Learn'd as Macdonald in his country's laws,
 Acute as Auberey, as Sir Llyod polite,
 As Eastwicke lively, and as Ambler bright.

The justice of the compliment of Sir Cecil Wray, will not be disputed by those who have been fortunate enough to have met with the beautiful specimens of juvenile poetry, with which some of his friends have lately indulged the public.

Johannes Scriblerus, a lineal descendant of the learned, and celebrated Martinus, reads "*Starling* "Martin's sense," alluding to that powerful opponent of the detestable Coalition having recommended, that a bird of that species should be placed on the right of the Speaker's chair, after having been taught to repeat the word Coalition, in order to remind the house of that disgraceful event, which had nearly established an efficient and strong government in this country: to which severe and admirable stroke of satire, the object of it clumsily and uncivilly answered, that whilst that gentleman sat in the house, he believed the Starling might be allowed to perform his office by deputy; we have, however, ventured to differ from this great authority, and shall continue to read, "Martin's Sterling sense," as well, because we are of opinion, that these words are peculiarly

culiarly applicable to the gentleman alluded to, as that it does not appear probable our author should have been willing to make his poem the vehicle of an indecent sarcasm upon a person of such eminent abilities.

The compliment to Mr. B—— G——, in the comparison of the purity of his language, to the integrity of his conduct, is happily conceived; but that to the ingenious Mr. Gilbert, the worthy chairman of the Committee of Supply, is above all praise, and will, we are persuaded, notwithstanding the violence of party, by all sides admitted to be strictly just.

Having now concluded our observations upon this part of the Poem—we shall close them with remarking, that as our author evidently borrowed the idea of this vision, in which the character of future times are described, from Virgil, he has far surpassed his original, and as his description of the present House of Commons, may not improbably have called to his mind the Pandæmonium of Milton, we do not scruple to assert, that in the execution of his design, that great master of the sublime has fallen infinitely short of him.

N^o. XI. JANUARY 1785.

AMONGST the various pretensions to critical approbation, which are to be found in the excellent and never-sufficiently to be admired production, which is the object of these comments, there is one that will strike the classical observer as peculiarly prominent and praise-worthy;—namely, the uncommon ability shewn by the author, in the selection of his heroes. The *personæ* that are introduced in the course of this poem, are characters that speak for themselves. The very mention of their names, is a summons to approbation; and the relation of their history, if given in detail, would prove nothing more than a lengthened panegyric. Who that has heard of the names of a *Jenkinson*, a *Robinson*, or a *Dundas*, has not in the same breath heard also *what they are*? This is the secret of our author's science and excellence. It is this that enables him to omit the dull detail of introductory explanation, and to fasten upon his business, if one may use the expression, flap-dash, and at once.

Semper ad eventum pertinat, et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit. HOR.

Homer

Homer himself yields, in this respect, to our author; for who would not perceive the evident injustice done to the modern bard, if we were to place the wisdom of an *Ulysses* on any competition with the experience of a *Pitt*; to mention the bully *Ajax*, as half so genuine a bully, as the bully *T——*; if we were to look upon *Nesher* as having a quarter of the interesting circumlocution of the ambiguous *Nugent*; to consider *Achilles* as possessed of half the anger of a *Rolle*, or to suppose for a moment, that the famous *πῶδος-ων υς* of antiquity, could run nearly so fast in a rage, as the member for Devon in a *fright*. To conceive the yellow-haired *Paris* to have had half the beauty of the ten times more yellow-haired *Villiers*; to look upon *Agamemnon* as in any degree so dictatorial to his chiefs as the high minded *Richmond*. To consider the friendship of *Patroclus*, as possessed of a millionth portion of the disinterested attachment of a *Dundas*. To have any conception that the chosen band of *Thessalian Myrmidons*, were to be any way compared, in point of implicit submission, to the still more dexterously chosen band, which constitute the majority of the *British H— of C—*. Or—but there is no end to so invidious a comparison; and we will not expose poor *Homier*, to the farther mortification of pursuing it.

Merlin proceeds in his relation, and fixes upon an object, that will not, we believe, prove any disgrace

grace to our author's general judgment of selection ; namely, that worthy Baronet, and universally admired wit, Sir *Richard Hill*, of whom it may be truly said,

Pariter pietate vel joci,

Egregius.

He looks upon him as an individual meriting every distinction, and has thought proper therefore, although he has been slightly touched upon before, to rescue him from the more indiscriminate mob, for a particular description. Speaking of Sir *Richard's* style of elocution, our author observes—

With Bible bawdy, and with sacred smut,
His rev'rend jokes, see pious Richard cut ;
He to the wond'ring senate first reveal'd,
That gospel was for joke, so wide a field ;
That no resource was ever found for wit,
Half so prolific as the holy writ ;
And that of all the jest-books man has known,
The Bible's merits most distinguish'd shone.

This description will be readily felt, and we trust, not less cordially admired, by all those who may have enjoyed the pleasure of auricular evidence to Sir *Richard's* oratory. The thought of converting
the

the *Bible* into a *JUST BOOK*, is, we believe, quite new, and not more original in itself, than characteristically just in its application to this speaker. We all know that *Saul* affected insanity for the sake of religion, in the early periods of our holy faith; and why so great an example should not be imitated in later times we leave it to the prophane to shew.

We know not whether it is worth observing, that the eloquence of this illustrious family is not confined to Sir *Richard* alone; but that his brother inherits the same gift, and if possible in a greater degree. It is said, there is an intension of divesting this latter gentleman of his cleric robe, and bringing him into the senate, as the avowed competitor of our modern CROMWELL. If this happy event should luckily take place, we shall literally see the observation then realised, that the Ministry will give to their wicked enemies, on the other side of the House, what they have so long wanted and deserved.

“—— A Rowland for their Oliver.”

This however, by the way. Our author resumes his subject with the following spirited apostrophe——

Methinks I see him from the Bench arise,
His words all keenness—but all meek his eyes,

Define

Define the good religion might produce,
Practice its highest excellence—abuse,

And Advice with his tongue, that two-edg'd weapon,
shew,

At once, the double worth of Job and Joe.

Job, as some of our more learned readers may know, is a book in the Old Testament, and is used here *per synecdochen*, as part for the whole. Nothing can be more natural, than the preference given to this book, on this occasion, as Sir R. is well known in his speeches to be so admirable an auxiliary to its precepts. The person of the name of *Joe*, who has received so laconic a mention, in the last line of the above extract, will be recognised by the critical and the intelligent, as the same individual who distinguished himself so eminently in the sixteenth century, as a writer and a wit, namely, Mr. *Joseph Miller*; a great genius, and an author, avowedly in the highest estimation with our learned Baronet.

The business of the composition goes on.—It is evident, however, the poet was extremely averse to quit a subject upon which his congenial talents reposed so kindly. He does not leave Sir Richard therefore without the following finished and most high-wrought compliment:

With

With wit so various—pity so odd, *pity*
 Quoting by turns from Miller, and from—God;
 Shall no distinction wait thy honour'd name?
 No lofty epithet transmit thy fame?
 Forbid it wit, from mirth refin'd away!
 Forbid it Scripture, which thou mak'st so gay!
 Scipio, we know was Africanus call'd,
 Richard styl'd Long Shanks—Charles furnam'd
 The Bald,
 Shall these, for petty merits be renown'd,
 And no proud phrase, with panegyric sound,
 Swell thy short name, great Hill?—Here take
 thy due,
 And hence be call'd the Script'ral Killigrew.

The administration of baptism to adults, is quite consonant to Sir R.'s creed; and we are perfectly satisfied, there is not a Member in the House of Commons, that will not stand *sponsor* for him on this honourable occasion. Should any one ask him in future,—who gave you that name? Sir R. may fairly and truly reply, My *Godfathers*, &c. and quote the whole of the lower assembly, as coming under that description.

Merlin, led, as may be easily supposed, by sympathy of rank, talents, and character, now pointed
 his

his wand to another worthy baronet, hardly less worthy of distinction than the last personage himself, namely, Sir *Joseph Mawbey*. Of him the author sets out with saying,

Let this, ye wise, be ever understood,
Sir Joseph is as witty as he's good. —

Here, for the first time, the annotators upon this immortal poem, find themselves compelled, in critical justice, to own, that the author has not kept entire pace with the original which he has affected to imitate. The distich, of which the above is a parody, was composed by the worthy hero of this part of the *ROLLIAD*, the amiable Sir Joseph himself, and runs thus :

Ye ladies, of your hearts beware :
Sir Joseph's false as he is fair.

How kind, and how discreet a caution ! This couplet, independant of its other merits, possesses a recommendation not frequently found in poetry, the transcendant ornament of Truth. How far, indeed the falshood of this respectable individual has been displayed in his gallantries, it is not the province of sober criticism to enquire. We take up the
assertion

assertion with a large comprehension, and with a stricter eye to general character——

Sir Joseph's false as he is fair.——

It is necessary to challenge, what no one will be absurd enough to give—a contradiction to so acknowledged a truth? Or it is necessary to state to the fashionable reader, that whatever may be the degree of Sir Joseph's boasted falshood, it cannot surpass the fairness of his complexion? The position, therefore, is what logicians call convertible; nothing can equal this falshood but his fairness;—nothing his fairness but his falshood.—Incomparable!——

Proceeding to a description of his eloquence, he says,

A sty of pigs, though all at once it squeaks,
Means not so much as Mawbey when he speaks;
And hist'ry says, he never yet had bred
A pig with such a voice—or such a head!
Except, indeed, when he essays to joke;
And then his wit is truly pig in poke.

Describing Sir J.'s acquisitions as a scholar, the author adds

M

His

His various knowledge I will e'er maintain,
He is indeed a knowing man in grain.

Some commentators have invidiously suggested, that the last line of this couplet should be printed thus,

He is indeed a knowing man—in grain.

assigning as their reason, that the phrase *in grain* evidently alludes to bran, with which Sir J.'s little grunting commonwealth is supported; and for the discreet and prudent purchase of which our worthy baronet is famous.

Our author concludes his description of this great senator with the following distich:

Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,
His trade a hog is—and his wit—a boar.—

It has been proposed to us to amend the spelling of the last word, thus, *bore*; this improvement, however, as it was called, we reject as a calumny.

Where the beauty of a passage is pre-eminently striking as above, we waste not criticism in useless efforts at emendation.

The writer goes on. He tells you he cannot quit this history of wits, without saying something of another individual; whom, however, he describes as every way inferior to the two last mentioned, but who, nevertheless, possesses some pretensions to a place in the *Rolliad*, The individual alluded to, is Mr. *George Selwyn*. The author describes him as a man possessed of

A plenteous store of ready retail wit,
 Made for each size, that some it sure may fit;
 Cut for suppos'd occasions, like the trade,
 Where old new things for every shape are made!
 Such as in Monmouth-street; for here we see,
 At hand for ev'ry make—for you, for me.
 To this assortment well prepar'd at home,
 No human chance unfitted e'er can come:
 No accident, however strange or queer,
 But meets its ready, well kept comment here.
 —The very beavers that their stores increase,
 And spend the winter on their summer's grease.

The whole of the above description will doubtless remind the classic reader of the following beautiful passage in the *Tusculan Question* of Cicero:

*Nescio quomodo inhaeret in mentibus quasi saeculorum
 quondam augurium futurorum—idque in MAXIMUS
 INGENIIS*

INGENIIS ALTISSIMISQUE BLANDIS existit, rursusque
apparet facillime. This will easily account for the
 system of previous fabrication so well known as the
 character of Mr. Selwyn's jokes. Speaking of an ac-
 cident that befel this gentleman in the wars, our
 author proceeds thus: "but oh! the author describes him as

In ancient times, when men did fevers scape,

They sacrific'd a Cock to Æsculape;

From love's hot fever, now reviv'd and free;

No more the prey of amorous malady;

See Selwyn well—Oh, pious gratitude,

In these sad times so little understood!

Selwyn remembers what his tutor taught,

That old examples ever should be sought!

And now recover'd, to his surgeon cries,

"I've given to you—the Ancient Sacrifice."

the delicacy with which this historical incident is
 pourtrayed, would of itself have been sufficient to
 transmit our author's merit to posterity: and with
 the above extract we shall finish the present number
 of our commentaries.

T H E E N D

